Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Advance Agency*

A beautiful miniature of the Countess of Warwick

This miniature was painted by Lionel Heath, and will be exhibited at the Royal Academy this year

No. 73.—Vol. VI.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Crimson Blind." A Novel by F. M. White. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

"Free Opinions." By Marie Corelli. (Constable: 6s.)
In this book will be found the remarkable series of articles, including "Pagan London," written by Miss Corelli for THE BYSTANDER.

"Leaves from a Suffolk Garden." By Elizabeth Hobart. (Keith Thomas.)

"What I have seen while Fishing, and how I Caught my Fish." By Philip Geen. (Fisher Unwin: 7s. 6d.)

"Highways and Byways in Derbyshire." By J. B. Firth. Illustrations by Nelly Erichsen. (Macmillan: 6s.)

"Canada As It Is." By John Foster Fraser. (Cassell and Co.: 6s.)

"The Meaning of the Mass." Five Lectures, with other Sermons and Addresses, by Stewart D. Headlam. (Brown Langham: 2s.)

"Author and Printer." A Guide for Editors, Printers, Correctors of the Press, Compositors, and Typists. By F. Howard Collins. (Henry Frowde: 5s.)

"The *Queen* Newspaper Book of Travel for 1905." (*Queen* Office, Bream's Buildings, W.C.: 2s. 6d.)

"Throup's North of England Cyclists' and Motorists' Guide." Illustrated. (Throup, Bradford: 6d. net.)

"Change for a Halfpenny." By the Authors of "Wisdom While You Wait." (Alston Rivers: 1s. net.)

"La Chute du Guayra." Illustrated with panorama and plan of the great South American cataract. (Mirko and Stevo, Seljan, Buenos Ayres.)

"The Hungry Forties." Life under the Bread Tax. People's edition. (Fisher Unwin: 6d.)

"The Burden of Her Youth." By L. T. Meade. Cheap edition. (John Long: 6d.)

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

April 26, 1905

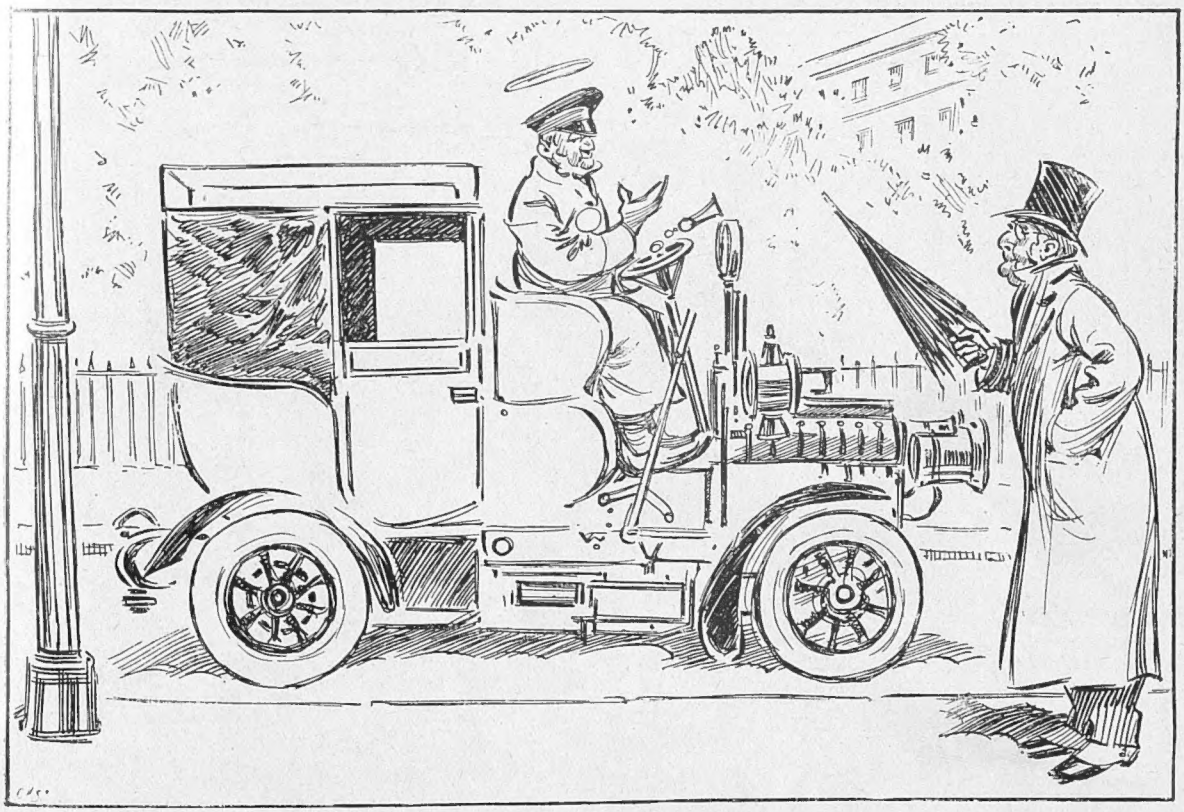
The unfortunate resident in London has long had his imagination inflamed by accounts of the superseding of antiquated methods of transit by new mechanical ones. Gradually, the motor 'buses are being put on the streets, and are doing splendid business, which goes to prove that the patient townsman, though long suffering, is not slow to show his appreciation of faster methods of getting about than the dreary 'bus with its sleepy driver, and a conductor who has a deep affection for every "stop."

* * *

For too long, Londoners have been the victims of incompetent public transport services. The local railway services are still a perfect disgrace, but the new competition of motor 'buses and electric trams has had a salutary effect on some of them. Others—a southern railway company in particular, which we need not specify by name—have run away from the threatened competition by taking off several trains and reducing its personnel. This strikes the man in the street as a very peculiar means of meeting an attack, for the result of the retreat will be evident before long. Thus is incompetency unmasked!

* * *

When steam was first adopted for the propulsion of carriages, the companies, who obtained monopolies for laying railway lines, little dreamed that, before seventy-five years had passed, they would be face to face with a competition which would shake their stability to the very core. They had originally to pay immense sums to buy out, by compulsory purchase, the property owners on the route of their tracks, but for the years that passed, the public were at the mercy of the railway companies, who recouped themselves naturally at their expense. Some, it is true, were alive to their responsibilities, and are flourishing to-day like young bay trees. But others extorted as much as possible out of the public, and gave as little return as they could. These are the first to be attacked by other methods of traction, and are reaping, in consequence, the reward of their cynical indifference to the rights of their patrons.



MILLENNIUM MEMS. No. I

CABMAN: "Hi, sir, stop a bit; accordin' to the reggilator, you've given me a shillin' too much"

Castro on the Warpath

That doughty warrior, President Castro, and his valiant Venezuelans, having challenged most of the European nations with brilliant success, are now breathing defiance against the United States. A panic in Wall Street is hourly expected

"Ze Signor woulda lika to seea ze menu?"

The Warwickshire Regiment are catered for by an Italian *chef*

The motor omnibus and the electric car will have gone a long way towards solving the problem of how to house a great population which works in a concentrated area, and requires to live outside it. At the same time, the railways must assist in the work. They must not run away from the new competition, but they must bring themselves up to date, when they will find that the motor 'bus and the electric car, instead of being competitors, will become feeders. It is a fact that, with most railway companies, the local traffic is the most paying of all. To develop it, therefore, strong reforms should be instituted. Trains should not only be more frequent, but more punctual, and local traffic could easily be supplied with a better service than is usually customary, and at a saving, if motors, such as the North Eastern and the South Western Railways have adopted in places, were more generally utilised. Better carriages should be built to supersede the ancient cattle-box contrivances we find to-day. Finally, fares should be reduced. Visionary as these suggestions may seem, with the improved methods indicated, they are quite practicable,

ENCORE L'ENTENTE CORDIALE

and the sooner they are acted upon the better will it be for the shareholders in Railway Stock.

* * *

Since locomotion seems to be our theme, we must allude to the new motor cabs which are to be put on the streets in London. It was rumoured, some little time ago, that they were to be fitted with taxameters, and that the public would only pay the exact fare. We will not go so far as to say that the erstwhile cabby, who is only mortal, will do what our artist suggests and return tips, but it was declared that only the legal fare was to be demanded. It is a pity that this sensible plan is not to be carried out. We are confident that thousands of pounds more would be annually spent on cabs were one expected to tender the exact fare, as on an omnibus. Women especially dislike an altercation with a cabman, and the fear of being abused for only paying the actual tariff frequently leads them to patronise a 'bus, instead of taking a cab. And when you come to think of it, if suppose your legal fare is eighteenpence, why should you be expected to pay the cabby a florin? The custom is a foolish one, which we suspect has acted against the best interests of the cabman, and with a new start in life, as a chauffeur, it is a great pity he is not emancipated from this reprehensible custom.

A 4,000-Guinea Sèvres Vase

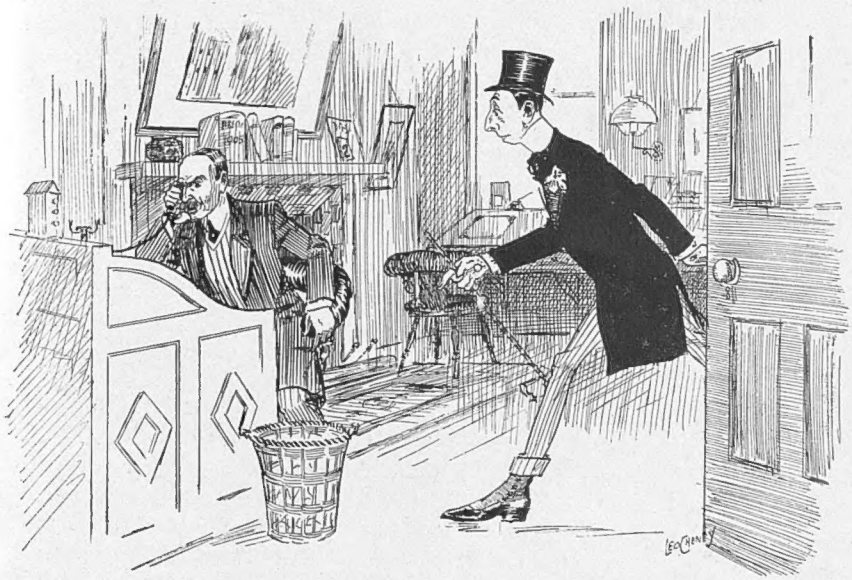
This vase, knocked down at the above great sum at Christie's to Mr. Partridge, was painted by Dodin in 1763, nine years after he entered the Sèvres factory, in which he afterwards worked for forty years more The companion vase is the property of King Edward

(Photographed by permission of Mr. R. W. Partridge by Advance Agency)

The same section of the daily Press which was responsible for the Jingo outbreak not long ago, has started a new campaign. It is attacking the London County Council for its alleged extravagance. This section consists, it need scarcely be stated, of the following journals: The *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily Mail*, and the *Daily Express*. One is tempted to ask them, collectively and severally, what is the value of their criticisms in any matter. They have supported the present Government, which is in thorough disrepute; they have advocated Protection, now as dead as Queen Anne; and, in fact, there has hardly been a single matter of public concern for the last few years in which they have not supported the discredited policy. Just now, if truth be told, they are in a dilemma. They cannot attack very well the Administration for which they are responsible, nor can they very well keep silence, unless some distraction occurs elsewhere. This they now provide in attacking what they are pleased to call "Municipal Extravagance."

* * *

But the "London Press Gang," as a contemporary neatly dubs them, are hoist with their own petard. It is not the County Council which is responsible for the huge borrowing and the rising rates, but the Borough Councils, and the Borough Councils were created by the Conservative Government, supported by these journals. If the Press wants to institute measures for retrenchment, we are sure it will be warmly supported, but instead of attacking the County Council, whose rate has gone up a penny in the pound in five years, some other and more paying campaigns might be started. For instance, why not force the mine-owners to contribute the thirty millions sterling to the cost of the Boer War, which they promised? Why not reduce the War Office Estimates? And why not inquire why we should have to pay a shilling income-tax in time of peace?



YOUNG BOODLE *(who flusters a lot, but never buys, interrupting busy Stockbroker for fourth time in one morning)*: "Oh, I say, old chap, what are London 'buses going at now?"

BUSY AND IRRITATED S. B.: "Oh, about three miles an hour"

DRAWN BY LEO CHENEY

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

Mrs. Lewis Waller

The slump in theatrical affairs, which is the preliminary to the rush of business at Eastertide, has been enlivened by the duel *à outrance* between Mrs. Lewis Waller and Mr. Robert Arthur, respecting the custom of throwing limelight advertisements on the curtain between the acts. It is likely that this contest will be the means of settling a vexed question, upon which resident and touring managers hold pronouncedly opposing views. Mrs. Lewis Waller, who has built up a reputation for herself in the provinces, has for the past year or so been identified professionally with the rôle of "Zaza."

Mdlle. Lina Cavalieri

The most incessantly photographed of all Parisian beauties, Lina Cavalieri, is soon, it appears, to give up being merely decorative, and to go in seriously for singing, when the Italian Opera Season begins at Sarah Bernhardt's theatre in Paris. Let us hope that she may prove a more accomplished artist than did Cleo de Merode with her timid apologies for dancing, or than Liane de Pougy, whose meanderings in the paths of literature were unmercifully ridiculed by the Parisians a year or two ago Cavalieri is, of course, only Parisian by adoption. Her childhood was spent in Naples, where her father was a *concierge*, and where she passed just a little of her time in selling flowers, and the rest of it in cultivating the *dolce far niente*. Her beauty won her attention wherever she went, and a few years later found her at the Folies Bergère, in Paris, where she won the great *succès de beauté* of the year.

Photo by *Langfier*

Mrs. Lewis Waller

Whose spirited objection to limelight advertisements thrown on the curtain between the acts has raised a great stir in the world of the theatre

Mrs. Annie Besant

Annie Besant is generally described as the successor of Mme. Blavatsky. But there is one very striking point in Mrs. Besant's character. Unlike most Theosophists, she is not content with the theory. The English Sahib at Benares, the sacred city of the highest of all Indian castes—the Brahmins, may often encounter Annie Besant in the streets or by the sacred Ganges, surrounded by young and ascetic Brahmins, with whom she discourses, or tells her beads.

Those who know India, are well aware of the insuperable obstacles presented in the problem of caste. They know that a poor mendicant, who looks a degree poorer than the most destitute alien landing on these shores, will, nevertheless, scornfully pull aside his ragged garments to prevent his touching, maybe, a Maharajah of low caste, who is passing by. Yet Mrs. Besant has, by means of her theosophist propaganda, overcome these difficulties. She not only dresses as a Hindoo, for anyone may do that, but she eats only food prepared by Brahmins, has established a college in Benares for the development of Theosophy, and has boldly declared that, in a previous incarnation, she was a Brahmin. This last stroke on her part is in itself utterly revolutionary, for hitherto the Brahmin believed that his caste was the last and most perfect state in which a soul existed before it entered the Brahmin heaven. Mrs. Besant apparently signifies that she has passed this stage of perfection, and has been evolved as a European lady!

The great Mahatmas have risen up in arms. They have denounced this fascinating and subtle woman, who is so dangerous to the Hindoo mind. She claims that Theosophy is the oldest religion in the world, even preceding that of the Vedas, which existed for thousands of years before Christ. Mrs. Besant's critics reply to this, that she can read neither Sanskrit nor Hindoo, so that her judgment is false. Undoubtedly, a great mental strife will take place, but whether Mrs. Besant will win, or whether the Mahatmas will succeed in reducing her influence, is a matter far too mysterious and complicated for a European to attempt to solve. Mrs. Annie Besant was originally married to a Church of England clergyman, after which, she became identified with the Secularist movement, under Charles Bradlaugh.

Sir Harry Johnston

"Every working man who supports the Conservatives," said Sir Harry Johnston, recently, "is doing an unnatural act, and deserves to be tarred, feathered, and burnt." Sir Harry did not expect to be taken too seriously when he made the remark, but the Press dished up the report, gravely and solemnly, so that we take the opportunity of saying that those who know Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., are well aware that the distinguished traveller and explorer is well-known for his bright and lively nature

From Variety Stage to Grand Opera

Photo by *Reutlinger*

Md.le. Lina Cavalieri

The well-known Paris beauty of the Folies Bergère, who is about to take up Grand Opera

Few men have seen more of the world, or have tackled more Imperial problems than he, and wherever he may be, he is always the same cheery, merry, jolly little man, with hosts of friends and acquaintances. The things he has done in Central Africa (he founded the Protectorate), whether one includes Imperial Administration, Discovery, or Scientific Research, are too many to repeat here. Suffice to say that his

The High-Priestess of Theosophy

energy and his genius for control have marked him out as a remarkable successor to such famous explorers as Livingstone and Speke. We shall be glad to see him in Parliament, for, apart from being a fearless and clever speaker, he will be a great acquisition, especially when matters dealing with Equatorial Africa crop up.

Mr. Ellis Barrieton

Few luck stories have the elements of romance associated with the recent career of Mr. Ellis Barrieton, who is now winning applause at the Alhambra for his really marvellous singing. But a few weeks ago he was a clerk out of work. After searching for employment in vain he had the good fortune to apply to that shrewd man of business and of the world—Mr. George Scott, manager of the Alhambra. He was given the chance he desired, and Mr. Scott's judgment is being vindicated nightly at the Alhambra.

Photo by *Elliot and Fry*

Mrs. Annie Besant

The well-known Theosophist, whose declaration that in a former state she was a Brahmin, is looked upon as a revolutionary doctrine by the Brahmins themselves

Lady Porter

Lady Porter, the wife of Sir William Porter, is a charming woman, whose marriage took place only three years ago. Her residence is in the Irish capital, though Sir William was for some time an Alderman of the City of London. His father, the first baronet, was a very clever Irish surgeon, and the family annals go back to one John Porter, a quartermaster in Charles II.'s time, who received a grant of land in Wicklow, at a place still known as Porter's Rock. This property was afterwards sold to an ancestor of the Earl of Wicklow, in whose family it has remained until the present day.

Photo by *Histed*

Mr. Ellis Barrieton

Who, a few weeks ago, was a clerk out of work, and is now singing with great success at the Alhambra

Photo by *Mills*

Sir Harry Johnston

The distinguished African explorer, who, in his political speeches, has been denouncing, in picturesque terms, the working man who votes for the Conservative Party

Photo by **Lady Porter, wife of Sir William Porter** *Lafayette*

The Shah of Persia

It is somewhat surprising to hear that the Shah of Persia is preparing once more to make a European tour, because it is difficult to see what pleasure he can possibly derive from his visits to places where he has to eat with a fork, instead of with his fingers, and where he cannot order the head of anyone who may displease him to be severed from the body. He visited Paris in 1900, and London in 1902; this, then, will be his third visit to the North. In Paris, he amazed everybody by his behaviour and manner. He himself, being an Oriental, was amazed at nothing. With the same settled expression of sleepy boredom, he was taken to circuses and to dinners, and was shot at, and flattered, and cheered. He scarcely ever showed any curiosity. As soon as he arrived, he demanded a piano, and sat playing a melancholy waltz for at least twenty minutes, while innumerable dignitaries waited to be presented to him. That was his way of recovering from the journey

Little Patience Siege Walker

He became slightly more animated the next day, and ordered immense quantities of indigestible sweets at the shops of the Avenue de l'Opera. These sweets were carried about in bags by two attendants, and Musaffar-ed-Din, the King of Kings, reflectively munched them all day long. What he really enjoys most over here are the shops. He used to spend thousands of pounds in buying dresses and jewellery in London and in Paris, murmuring "*content, con'ent*" (one of the few French words he knows) whenever he caught sight of any particularly enticing object.

proposal, the Shah writes *Sehi*, "it is right," across it. His life at Teheran is characteristically Eastern—somnolent, monotonous. It must be a strange impression for this autocratic somnabulist to come away from the soft speech and luxurious silence of his palace to the din and hurry of "civilization." "Do not hurry"—that is the first thing the Shah always says to coachmen, and presidents, and kings, when he comes to Europe. And he says it with an amused smile, for he knows that hurrying is our incorrigible vice, and has become a part of our being.

Leader R. S. C. Walker — Leader C. J. Jones
Miss Patience Siege Walker — Master Henry Buller Siege Willis

Committee of the Siege Club, Ladysmith

From a photograph taken under Umbulwana at the annual gathering, March 1 last. On the hill of Umbulwana was placed the Boer "Long Tom," which was so unremitting in its attention to the inhabitants of Ladysmith. The two little children, whose names appear under the illustration, were born during the siege, and our readers will recollect the fund collected by THE BYSTANDER in November last on behalf of little Patience Siege Walker

Needless to say, he does not understand our customs in the least. It was with the greatest difficulty that his Grand Vizier could get him to renounce eating the greasy meats of his predilection with his fingers, instead of with a fork. "You will never get on with the Prince of Wales unless you use a fork," the crafty old man used to say to him in the Palace at Teheran. "I suppose I must learn," was the lanquid answer. At home, the Shah spends a great portion of the day in the conservatory, watering his flowers, or watching the tame birds he keeps there. A few hours every morning are devoted to the signing of documents. If he acquiesces in a

Patience Siege Walker

The accompanying illustration of the Siege Club, Ladysmith, will be of peculiar interest to our readers, and especially to those who generously subscribed to the fund raised by THE BYSTANDER on behalf of little Patience Siege Walker, in November last. The little girl, who appears in the photograph, derived her name from the fact that she was born during the siege. Her father was left practically penniless after the Boer War, and to relieve his immediate necessities an appeal was raised by THE BYSTANDER which resulted in a sum of money being raised by our readers and forwarded to Mr. Walker.

The Shah to Visit England

The Shah of Persia, with his favourite sons, and some members of his Court

The Shah, who is known to his people as "The King of Kings"; "The Shadow of God"; "The Centre of the Universe"; "The Footpath of Heaven"; "The Sublime Sovereign, whose standard is the Sun, whose splendour is that of the Firmament"; and by various other Oriental euphuisms, is, we understand, shortly to pay another visit to this country

The ladies of a Persian household

It is only in the house that the Persian women are allowed to unveil, and then not in the presence of strangers. Our photograph is a remarkable one, as it so rarely happens that permission is granted for such an object, nor would it be wise to ask any but the most enlightened of Persian gentlemen to accord such a mark of favour

IT'S QUITE SIMPLE WHEN YOU KNOW IT

"Oh, what a naughty bird, whatever makes him swear so?"
"Well! my dear, 'e ain't quite tame yet, and everybody swears when they're wild"

DRAWN BY CHAS. CROMBIE

The World of Entertainment

Religious Plays

The French stage is more elastic than the English. This reflection is borne upon one by considering the productions in Holy Week at the Paris theatres. Off go the pieces which have added to the gaiety of the town, and on come the religious plays, such as *La Passion* and *Le Sang du Calvaire*, titles which denote subjects for stage representation far too grave for treatment on the English stage.

The French dramatist has a wider field to work in. He touches rôles which his English confrère is not allowed to explore. At any given period of the year, these might be named plays on the Paris stage, both too lively and too severe for the British market. Whether the cribbed, confined area of the English stage is responsible for the dearth of English dramatists is too wide a question to discuss at the present juncture, but it has a bearing on a sensible suggestion made by the volatile "Percival" in the *Referee*. Dealing with Holy Week productions, he says:—

> This is a custom which I should very much like to see find favour on your side of the Channel, if—and I don't see why they shouldn't—London managers will take the same trouble the Parisians use to mount the productions reverently and adequately.

Photo by *Warwick Brookes*

The latest portrait of Sir Henry Irving

Whose farewell season at Drury Lane commences April 29 with *Becket*, which will run twelve nights

If the production of *Everyman*, which is all we can offset this year to a number of religious plays in Paris, be any criterion of the taste of London managers dealing with religious subjects, "Percival" need have no fears. It certainly seems curious that the relation between Church and Stage—and every playgoer knows that religious representation is the prototype of the modern stage—should be confined to the efforts of playwrighting parsons, and the gracious patronage accorded by a self-sacrificing profession when the Church is willing to add to its funds at the price of a mild sensation.

Art *v.* Advertisement

A pretty spectacle has been afforded the groundlings by the battle royal between Mr. Robert Arthur, who does not like to break contract with advertisers, and Mrs. Lewis Waller, who objects to photographic advertisements thrown on the curtain. Mrs. Waller's objection to an atrocious form of advertisement is shared by the playgoing body. But it is a pity that she could not find less drastic methods of enforcing her principles. Having braved the preliminaries to an evening at the theatre, it is not pleasant to be told that there will be no performance. In common with most theatrical disputes, the latest engagement between the principals has not passed without casualties among the onlookers. The playgoing public are in the unfortunate position of occupying the ground between the combatants. Whatever be the rights or wrongs of the struggle, they always come in for a goodly portion of the blows exchanged between the parties.

The Palace

Patrons of the Palace will be glad to learn that "The Follies" will provide one of the attractions at Easter. If there be still an ounce of meaning to be extracted from the worn phrase, "screamingly funny," it must be applied to these clever burlesquers. Their last skit at the Palace, on the Pantomime, was generally voted to be the trump card in their repertory, and when the memories of hilarious moments fade, there still remains the clear impression of that exquisitely funny duel between Cantatrice and carpenters in the "front" scene.

"The Follies" move with the times, and the subject of their new burlesque is not difficult to gauge at a time when sane actors are playing *Hamlet*, others are meditating playing it, and all are discussing the "readings" of the Prince, from the standpoint of their own conceptions of the character. E. C. S.

The Mermaid Repertory Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Philip Carr, commenced its first season at the Great Queen Street Theatre on Monday evening last with a revival of Sheridan's *Critic*. Performances will be given every evening during the season, and on Saturday afternoons. The repertory will include several old plays, such as Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, Massinger's *City Madam*, Beaumont and

Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, etc., together with one or two new plays and some revivals of works of living authors, such as Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and Mr. Pinero. The second season will be given in the autumn with a repertory including a complete series of the Shakespeare histories, and on November 20 the entire company will go on tour, opening at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester. The theatre has secured the support of a distinguished honorary committee, including names so distinguished, in various ways, as Mr. John Burns, Sir Edward Elgar, Mr. C. F. Gill, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Edgar Speyer, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. John Sargent, R.A., Mr. William Watson, the Duchess of Sutherland, Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, Lord Wolseley, the Countess of Warwick, and Mr. J. T. Grein (whose proposals for the formation of a repertory theatre have now been amalgamated with those of Mr. Carr).

Dramatic Speed Trials

(It is said that Signor Gabriel D'Annunzio's new play was planned and completed within the space of twenty-eight days.)

It seems to be an easy thing
To write a modern play.
Each morn sit down and pen a scene,
And so on, day by day.

If you're in form (though art is long
And plots are hard to seek),
You ought at least to write an act,
Or even more, each week.

For, though 'tis not the author's rule
To publish such speed limits,
There's many a one, I'm sure, was done
In eight-and-twenty minutes. E. G. D.

Photo by *Garet-Charles*

Miss Lillah McCarthy, in "The Ballad Monger"

Miss McCarthy, who was formerly leading lady with the late Wilson Barrett, has been appearing recently under Mr. Tree's management. She gave a powerful performance of Laroque's wife in *A Man's Shadow*

Photo by *Johnston and Hoffman*

Miss Maud Fealy

To play "Rosamund," in Sir Henry Irving's revival of *Becket* at Drury Lane

"The Bystander" Theatre Guide

What To See

Adelphi, 8: *Hamlet.*—The youngest management have scored another success. Congratulations all round.

His Majesty's.—Shakespeare's Birth Week. All former Tree-Shakespearean successes being revived.

Wyndham's, 8.45: *Mr. Hopkinson.*—Ah! See Carton's amusing comedy.

New: *Leah Kleschna.*—A powerful drama from the States.

Garrick, 8.30: *The Walls of Jericho.*—Advice to the successful author for the future: "*Ne Sutro supra crepidam.*"

Duke of York's, 8.25: *Pantaloon. Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire.*—First not more pathetic than the ordinary harlequinade. Second, the usual Barrie success.

Court.—Vedrenne-Barker management giving us many pleasant afternoons and evenings.

Savoy, 8.15: *Du Barri.*—Mrs. Brown-Potter getting good returns for the lavish staging of her production.

Apollo Theatre, 8.15: *Veronique.*—Setting the fashion for a revivalism in bright, tuneful comic operas.

Imperial Theatre: Mr. Lewis Waller's production of *Romeo and Juliet.*

Criterion: *What Pamela Wanted.*—Miss Ethel Irving's season.

What To Look Out For

April 29.—Drury Lane, Sir Henry Irving, in *Becket.*

April 29.—Daly's, *Two Little Michus.*

May 1.—St. James's (Mr. George Alexander), *John Chilcote, M.P.*

May 1.—Court (evenings), *John Bull's Other Island.*

May 2.—Court (matinées), *You Never Can Tell.*

May 2.—Avenue (Mr. Henri de Vries), *Jasper Bright.*

May 3.—Comedy Mr. Willie Collier), *The Dictator.*

May 9.—His Majesty's (Mr. Tree), *Business is Business.*

May 13.—Gaiety, *The Spring Chicken.*

May 22.—Lyric, Mr. Martin Harvey, in *Hamlet.*

May 23.—Court, *Man and Superman.*

Shakespeare Festival at His Majesty's Theatre

Photo by Downey

As Hamlet

Friday, April 28

Photo by Turner

As Mark Antony, in "Julius Cæsar"

Saturday, April 29

MR. TREE IN THE VARIOUS RÔLES WILL PLAY DURING SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY WEEK, WHEN THE WHOLE SERIES OF SHAKESPEAREAN PRODUCTIONS, WHICH HAVE BEEN SUCH A FEATURE OF HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, WILL BE REVIVED

Drawn by Charles A. Buchel

As Malvolio, in "Twelfth Night"

Wednesday, April 26 (Evening)

A BUSY WEEK

Photo by Lizzie Caswall Smith

As Richard II.

Monday, April 24; Wednesday, April 26 (Matinée)

Photo by London Stereo Co.

As Falstaff, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"

Tuesday, April 25

Random Jottings

A Surprise in Store

Bioscope pictures of the scenes at the taking of Port Arthur are shortly to be shown in London. It is expected that they will prove a great novelty, especially to those who have only witnessed the scenes in artists' illustrations of them.

The Panacea

"As a remedy for sleeplessness," says the *Motorist and Traveller*, "motoring succeeds where all else has failed. In nerve cases it is most beneficial." In fact, it makes nervous people realise that being nervous, in itself, wont help them, and that it's much better to keep the right side of the road.

Cordial Intent

In May, a Congress of Quackery is to meet in Paris under the presidency of Professor Brouardel. We understand that, out of consideration for statesmen in this country, the subject of Army Reform will not be discussed.

A Counter Stroke

The Kaiser has appointed Count von Tattenbach to proceed to Fez on a special mission. The speciality of the Mission is — in undiplomatic language—to show France that she is not going to do as she pleases in Morocco. It rests with the French Ministry to try a tit for Tattenbach.

The Children's Court

The Children's Court at Birmingham is said to be a great success. Children like it so much that they will, in some cases, play truant from school just in order to have the pleasure of attending. Elderly criminals are complaining, however, that if this sort of thing goes on, their profession will be ruined, as so much depends upon the 'prentice system. You cannot, it seems, take up burglary late in life, as if it were politics, or plumbing. It must be learnt early, or never; and if promising children are stopped at the very beginning of their career, there will soon be nobody in England who knows how to use a jemmy. Well, well!

Izaac Walton, jun.: "What! close season for tiddlers aga'n! This is a fair knock out"

Trusts and Trusts

Two Trusts are at present agitating the United States. One is the Beef Trust, which has put beef up a penny a pound, with the result that many people are driven to have mutton on Sunday when they prefer beef. The other is the Theatrical Trust, which has threatened to drive one of America's leading actors into becoming a nigger minstrel, if he refuses to submit to their terms. It is rumoured, however, that nigger minstrels laugh at the idea of a leading actor being able to compete with them.

"Coming"

Mr. Stead's new weekly publication, *Coming Men on Coming Questions*, promises to be full of interest, especially since Mr. Winston Churchill has given it a lead with "Why I am a Free Trader." (Political opponents have offered various explanations of why Mr. Churchill is a Free Trader, and one is glad to know at first hand that they are wrong—Mr. Wanklyn particularly so. But this is in passing.)

The Other Side

If there is a fault to be found with the series, it is, that forthcoming contributors, as far as they have been announced, seem mostly of the same political complexion—more or less. This seems to us a mistake. Even to coming questions there are bound to be two sides, and the series seems to be made for the discussion of such problems as—

"How to Ignore Mr. Churchill." By James Leslie Wanklyn.
"Why I Want a Dissolution." By Joseph Chamberlain.
"Why I Prefer to Hold On." By A. J. Balfour.
"Glimpses of Ireland." By W. Long.
"Glimpses of Mr. W. Long." By Sir A. Macdonell.
"How to be a Terror." By the Kaiser.
"Why I am So Contradictory." By the Tsar.

Most of these are coming men, who might be

induced to write of themselves if they realised how interesting their confessions would be.

Thoughts Upon Chairs

What a merry world it must have been before scientists arose and delivered their attacks upon each cherished human institution in turn! This reflection is forced from us as a result of reading that chairs are the latest things condemned. People ought not to sit in chairs. If they do, they get spinal complaints. The modern world is full of spinal complaints, and the only way to be rid of them is to take to couches, after the manner of the Roman aristocracy. Why should we not?

A Couchant House

If it is a bad habit to sit on a chair, the exchange to sofas should undoubtedly be effected It might be tried in the House of Commons as a start. Some people are, of course, dreadfully afraid of falling a prey to slumber if they recline, but this fear has never unnerved Members of Parliament. If slumber comes, they welcome it. And they would welcome it even more if they could, so to speak, meet it "couchant."

A Muzzled Pressman

Schoolboys have been a good deal discouraged by the failure of Mr. Blind in his recent libel action against the Head Master of University College School. If a Head Master—they say—is to be entitled to call you anything, they will have to give up writing to the papers, that is all. It will be a severe loss to the papers.

Unadvisable

In the meantime, our legal correspondent sends us the following replies to questions that have been submitted to him by litigious young readers who are still at school:

(1) "Disgusted" (Rugby).—The statement made to you by your house-master, that you are an "untidy young scamp," will not, I fear, entitle you, "Disgusted," to any remedy in a court of law. Schoolmasters are so unduly favoured, that insults of this nature from their lips have to be endured in patience; and we can only hope that the man will repent some day of his vulgar policy of insolence and unfriendliness.

(2) You complain, Jones Minor (Radley), that a copy of Latin verses which you did for your form-master with great pains, was by him torn up and thrown into the waste-paper basket, on the ground that it was blotted and illegible. Tears, you say, came to your eyes at this unjust treatment, and at the loss of your cherished poem; and you are eager to know if this treatment—amounting to assault—justifies you in summoning the offender. Morally, no doubt it does; legally, however, the matter presents a good many difficulties, and we advise delay.

(3) "Black and Blue" (Eton) writes to say that he has been caned most unjustly for exercising diplomacy in a matter connected with the translation of Thucydides. If you mean, "B. and B.," that the flagellation was inflicted for cribbing, we are afraid the law offers you no remedy. We can only recommend you not to specialise in what you call Diplomacy, until you have left your scholastic career behind you.

Photo by **Boyle Farm, Thames Ditton: A well-known riverside estate, shortly to fall into the hands of the builder** *[Ive*

This beautiful estate, which belonged to the first Lord St. Leonards (who was Lord Chancellor in 1852), is to be cut up for building purposes. The picturesque lawn, reaching to the edge of the water, is a familiar feature to boating people. The mansion, it is expected, will be converted into a riverside club, and buildings will be erected on the lawn by the water's edge

Humours of Eastertide

THE ANNUAL TRAINING

AN AFFAIR OF OUTPOSTS

"The scout's first duty is to get in touch with the enemy."—*Soldier's Pocket Book.*

DRAWN BY G. M. PAYNE

Humours of Eastertide

THE WEDDING SEASON

BRIDEGROOM *(to Parson, who is rounding off wedding ceremony with a "few words")*: "'Axin yer pardon, sir, we should love to 'ear yer, but we've got the kerridge by the hour"

DRAWN BY CHAS. INCE

CONCERNING SIR E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

(NO. 73 OF THE SERIES)

The Royal Academy, to whose exhibition we shall be flocking in our thousands very soon, is not the first sketching club that Sir Edward John Poynter, D.C.L., Litt. D., has presided over. Many years ago there was such a society, which was in the habit of setting itself subjects, which each member treated according to the light that came to him. "Work" was on one occasion the subject set: and a certain Poynter, of whom the world knew nothing, won the praises of the club by his sketch of a team of straining slaves dragging a colossal piece of statuary through the desert sands to its place.

From this was painted the famous picture of "Israel in Egypt": but there was something wrong with the painting as it originally stood. An engineer of high repute went to the young artist, and represented to him that the number of Israelites represented on the canvas could never have stirred the marble lion a foot, if they had pulled to the end of the Captivity. Mr. Poynter took the lesson well: he added Israelites to the required number: and he made a note, which he has never forgotten, of the importance of going into detail.

This is his own story, by the way; and in the course of the many years of teaching work that Sir Edward Poynter has done, it has probably been told several times. He was Slade Professor at University College, London, for four years; and subsequently Principal of the National Art Training School at South Kensington.

Sir Edward has lived long, as so many successful artists do. 1836 was the year of his birth; but the opportunity of seeing King William the Fourth was missed, for the event occurred in Paris. Hither he returned, twenty years later, having acquired what Westminster and an English art school had to teach him; and he studied under Gleyre for three years. It was ten years later, at the age of thirty-three, that he got his foot upon the first rung of the ladder leading to the official headship of British art, and became an Associate. He was made R.A. in 1876, and served faithfully for twenty years; in 1896 a knighthood and the Presidency crowned his labours, and he was one of the Baronets of 1902.

So much for his official record. It does not read as if it had embraced anything very exciting; and Sir Edward's life has not, in fact, been of at all a turbulent or sensational character. A more thoroughly respectable Victorian gentleman never put paint on canvas. And yet he has stood in the forefront of a controversy that shook this country in every fibre of its being, dividing families, creating endless feuds, carrying hatred and strife from end to end of the realm. We refer, of course, to the discussion upon what is called the Nude in Art, which lent so much liveliness to the season of 1885.

This is believed to be the last occasion upon which anything was heard of the British Matron, and it would, therefore, be hard to over-estimate the importance of the date. The Matron was deeply outraged by Sir Edward's quite well-meant picture of "Diadumene" in that year's Academy, among many more which goaded her to fury. But Sir Edward survives, and the British Matron is (it is generally thought) dead.

He deplores many things about the position of art to-day: notably the fact that "our modern English public now judges," instead of taking the opinion of the artist upon the picture that it buys. And he is exceedingly annoyed if attention is drawn to the very large sums he receives for his pictures: because money has nothing to do with art. He has made an excellent Director of the National Academy, which benefited much by his deep knowledge of all schools of painting and by his sound judgment.

PIRATES OF THE PEN,

OR GRUB STREET METAGROBELISED

We've seen the enterprising athlete step
—Forgetful of his "sphere," *agog* to cram
The Daily Press—a long way *ultra crep-*
-idam.

We've seen the busy *savant* condescend
To journalistic toil, and take no shame,
Having evolved a column, to append
His name.

And surely soon the specialist alone,
Each in his several line will write our news,
And every expert be obliged to own
A Muse.

Your General will supplement his batch
Of bulletins, correct, but oh! how pale,
By decking with some purple-hued dispatch
The Mail.

M.P.'s, oblivious of golf and grouse,
Will see what wider scope the Press affords
For "Leaders," than the Commons or the House
Of Lords.

The Judge will prattle to us of the Courts,
And say what speech the loudest laughter woke,
And possibly explain, when he reports,
His joke.

Or all that he may leave unsaid—the dry
Gist of the case, the verdict, or the brief,
These things shall be narrated for us by
The thief:

Ambassadors shall wire from foreign lands,
Celebrities themselves shall interview;
Till nought be left for other brains, or hands
To do.

Save where as "devil" or compositor,
The literary hack may hunt for scraps,
—Excluded from his old profession—or
(Perhaps)

When everybody has conspired to shove
The Journalist aside, he may consent
To make our laws or carry on the Gov-
-ernment!

"P.R.A."

DRAWN BY E. KRONSTRAND

SIDELIGHTS ON PARIS LIFE

"*Paris? Qu'est ce donc que Paris?*"—VICTORIEN SARDOU

TWO MANNIKINS OF MONTMARTRE

"But where is the defendant?" cried the judge, impatiently, and laughter rippled in the Court, for the defendant stood before the judge, but was so tiny that the law books hid him altogether.

"Delphin Sirvaux, my name is, and my age is twenty-two," and without waiting to be asked, the little man, who is about the size of a small child of six, dashed headlong into his story. He was on his way home at one o'clock in the morning, when a crowd of hobbledyhoys collected round him on the Place Pigalle, and started horseplay with him.

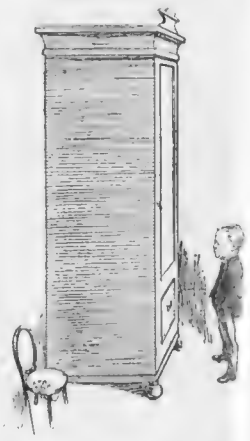
One of them took away his cane and broke it, and Delphin, getting frightened, drew his revolver—a weapon of the size of a small pipe—and fired. He killed nobody. But his bullet penetrated a trouser-leg, was stopped and flattened by a linen shirt, and, the victim declared, "caused a slight stinging feeling." So Delphin was brought up before the Court for *port d'arme prohibée*, and sentenced to four shillings fine. He paid up on the spot, and the five-france piece which he tendered was just as much as he could manage to hold in one hand.

And next day I called upon Delphin and his friend, Auguste, another mannikin of the same size, but ten years older than himself, in their flat in the Boulevard de Clichy. Auguste was in bed, and Delphin was still at his toilet, though it was afternoon.

"What will you?" was Auguste's apology; "it is the life of the artist. Early to bed and early to rise. It is good for the *bourgeois* that, but we work late, we others." The oddest point about this declaration is its truth, for the two little men are very clever artists in their way, and belong to the singer poets of Montmartre, singing songs of their own composition, and earning a comfortable competence by doing so.

He killed nobody

"Well, *mon ami*, and what is there new in Paris besides *l'affaire* Delphin?" asked that worthy, turning from his microscopic toilet-table to the writer. The artist who was with me suddenly burst into uncontrollable laughter, and pointed to Auguste, who was gazing at himself in the looking-glass of a full-sized wardrobe, and murmuring discontentedly, "*Non, que j'ai mauvaise mine, ce matin!*" The wardrobe, by the way, and the bed in which the two little fellows sleep together, are the only pieces of furniture of an ordinary size in the establishment; the chairs, the washhand-stand, etc., having been purchased in a doll's ware-house, and the table in the middle of the room, which looks enormous, is a small work-table. And when Delphin produced liqueurs, he served them out of scent-bottles, for his small hands are quite incapable of spanning bottles of the usual size. The room in which we were, was quite a small one, say, fifteen feet by twelve at the outside, but the proportions of the furniture made it appear a vast apartment, and there was nothing at all incongruous in a remark that Delphin made to the effect that in wet weather he could get all the exercise he wanted in his room. "I am thinking very seriously," he said, "of learning English, for I should like to go to England and to perform there." Auguste, however, thought that Paris was good enough for him, and solemnly remarked that at his age a man thought twice about a change. The salt of this remark lies in the fact that Auguste at thirty-two is to all intents and purposes an old gentleman well past his life's meridian, for years run rapidly in Lilliput. A curious point about these two wee people is, that each of them is the mainstay and support of a considerable family of normal size. Bachelors both of them, they send a portion of their earnings to their parents in the country; and Delphin, when he goes home, is treated with respect, as "Monsieur Delphin," by the villagers, and is undoubtedly the "great" man of the countryside.



"Non, que j'ai mauvaise mine, ce matin"

But the little fellow is not altogether happy. I can remember one night, after midnight, strolling home

with him after he had kept us all in fits of laughter by an unusually brilliant performance. We reached my door first, and (when one knows Delphin well, one gets into the way of treating him quite like a mere six-footer) I suggested a last drink and a cigarette in my rooms. Over his whisky and soda—mixed in a liqueur glass—Delphin grew confidential. "There are days," he said, "when being a toy becomes unbearable. You cannot realise just what it means. *J'ai bien un petit corps mais cela ne m'empeche pas d'avoir quelque-fois de grandes pensées, ni bien souvent le cœur bien gros,*" and he was silent for a minute. I reached out for his hand and held it. "Yes, and there was a woman once," he said. "Don't laugh. I was a fool, and spoke. She . . . ."

"Well, mon ami, and what is there new in Paris?"

"She?" I echoed.

"She——she picked me up from the ground, called me a *drole de petit bonhomme*, and kissed me."

I hadn't the least wish to laugh. In fact, I won't be certain that I could have spoken had I wanted to.

V. DE PARIS.

THE FINDING OF SMITH MINOR

I met a little boy in Temple Gardens. He was painfully anæmic, painfully thin, and painfully soulful-looking.

His brain bulged through his eyes. I felt I was in the presence of one of our future great men.

"And who are you, my little man?" I enquired.

"I'm Smith Minor," he answered sharply, "and you've spoilt a jolly good howler."

"A howler?"

"Yes; things you read in the papers, you know. Comic answers to exam. questions, and all that kind of thing. I was making it up when you spoke."

"O-oh, yes, of course, Smith Minor. I remember you now. By the way——"

He glanced at me suspiciously.

"Can you make them easily—say, on the spur of the moment?"

He gave a little shrug of indifference.

"Try me," he said.

"Who was Washington?"

"The inventor of the Penny Post," he replied, without a moment's hesitation.

"Fair," I commented. "But a shade too subtle. If Sousa had not been in this country at the present time, I might have thought you merely an exceptionally foolish boy."

"But you don't now?" he asked, confidently.

"No, not now," I admitted. "But let us take something simpler. What was the Diet of Worms?"

"Leaves,—as it still is."

"Who carried the Reform Bill?"

"John Wycliff."

I watched his face for a moment.

"And how do you go to work?" I asked at length.

"That's easy," he said. "Any schoolmaster is glad to have me. They're always thinking about their howler-collection, you know. They're worse than boys with foreign stamps. So when there's an examination coming on ——"

"You go round and offer to take part," I suggested.

"Certainly not," he snapped. "*They*, the schoolmasters, send to me and say that as they are collecting only genuine instances of schoolboy howlers, and as those at their disposal are inferior—as they are: you read the average boy's answers—they may be incorrect, but they're *not* funny—and as those at their disposal are inferior, they would be glad if I would honour them with a visit at my usual rates."

"And were Macnamara's howlers your work?"

He shook his head regretfully.

"No," he said. "I admit they weren't. But they point to my having a rival. They're not the work of the common mind. Yes, I must have a rival. I'll have to get at him—to form a trust or something." He paused for a moment, then continued: "But, if I didn't do the Macnamara howlers, I've done some that compare very favourably with them. It was I who, when the Alake was over here, said he was a poet who wrote poems with Wordsworth. It was I who said that a Viceroy was a vicious king. It was I——"

"Tell me, my lad," I broke in. "Tell me, have you a father?"

"Yes," he answered.

"And do you live at home with him?"

He nodded.

"Then come, my lad," I said, and I led him into a neighbouring florists. I put down a sovereign, and addressing the shopkeeper, "I want," I said, "the best you can do for me for that. It's for an invalid."

"Yes, sir." The man did his best, and a few moments later I held in my hand a fragrant bouquet, the prevailing colour of which was white.

"Here, my lad," I said, handing him the flowers, "take these to your father. They will brighten his sick room."

"But he isn't sick," said the boy. "He's quite well."

"What! You told me you lived with him."

"So I do."

"And do you mean to tell me," I cried, "that he's quite well? Do you mean to say that he's able to kill you, to rid the earth of the thing you are, and he doesn't do it? It is too, too much."

I hate to do other people's dirty work. But I had had a nice new pocket-knife among my Christmas gifts. So I took it out.

FRANK ELIAS.

PLATONICS

By A. L.

He sat alone, thinking it out. Try as he would, he could not put the tangle straight. Bound to one girl, whom he had not seen for two years, and in love with another, who, as he but now realised, had come to love him. He did not try to explain how he knew that she loved him. He simply knew, and questioned no further. Their friendship had grown so rapidly, and no less rapidly developed into something deeper. It had all happened before he had had time to realise the danger. It was only in the last sleepless night that the truth had burst upon him. And now he was faced with the problem—in love with one, bound to another.

He rose wearily and looked at the clock. His face was very haggard.

"I must tell her," he said aloud. "Yes, I must tell her about Elsie, and then I must go and ask Elsie to marry me. I suppose I can make her a good husband; I'll try anyhow." And he took his hat and went out.

"You look solemn to-day," she said as he entered. "Have some tea, and tell me what is the matter."

"Elsie Norman comes back to-day," he replied.

"And who is Elsie Norman?" she asked.

He fixed his gaze upon the teacups, and kept it there while he told his story, trying desperately the while to keep all feeling from the tones of his voice and all expression from his face.

"I'm a solicitor now, with a fair practice, but two years ago I was still articled to my uncle, and that, of course, brought me no income. I fell in love then with Elsie Norman, and asked her to marry me. Her people told me I was not in a position even to be engaged, for I was earning nothing. So it was arranged that we were to see no more of one another for a time. I swore to be true to her, and that, as soon as I had got the partnership, I would ask her again."

There was silence for a moment. Her face was very pale, and the cup rattled upon the tray as she put it down. She was trying desperately to keep emotion from her face. It was not his fault, she thought. He could not tell that the mischief was done, that she loved him. He had been a friend, an intimate and valued friend, but nothing more. Her secret must remain a secret. He must never know.

"My uncle made me partner yesterday," he went on. "She comes back this evening."

He rose and held out his hand.

"I hope you will both be very happy," she said.

"Thank you," he replied, his mouth twisting in a queer smile.

He pressed her hand for a moment. He had never done even that before; and the colour rushed to her cheeks. Then he turned and went quietly out.

She stood looking at his untouched cup, trying to piece together the events of the last happy month, trying to understand why the sun had ceased to shine, and why a horrid dream of future loneliness had come upon her.

"It was not his fault," she murmured, "but if I had only known."

Then she sat by the window, and watched the shadows lengthen, and the sun go down.

It was not yet dark when she started at the sight of a man walking very fast. She saw that it was he, and, as he drew near, and she saw the bright, happy expression of his face, she rose.

"He shall have no fault to find with my congratulations," she thought.

Unannounced, he burst in, and advanced impulsively, with both hands outstretched.

"Dearest," he cried, "she refused me."

❦ ❦ ❦

Love and the Hair-Brush

When Clementine rumples my hair,
I feel that my shoulders are wings—
A throne of Valhalla my chair—
My visions undreamable things!
My passion I yearn to declare
In words that beatitude brings—
In music that ecstasy sings—
(When Clementine rumples my hair).

When Ermyntrude rumples my hair,
I show her at once I'm annoyed;
The parting I cherish with care
I fear is completely destroyed.
She says, with her sisterly air—
"You'd *love* it if Clementine toyed!"
I would; but the pleasure is void,
When Ermyntrude rumples my hair.

H.

❦ ❦ ❦

Jerusalem as it is To-day

THE GREAT PILGRIMAGE AT EASTERTIDE

Interior of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, showing entrance to the Sepulchre itself

"The heart of Jerusalem," writes A. Goodrich-Freer, in "Inner Jerusalem," "its Holy of Holies, and alas! its battlefield, is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Here, as in the Holy Stable of Bethlehem, while the Christians pray, the Turkish soldiery must sit by to see that they do not steal, or even murder. This is no figure of speech. So lately as in November, 1901, seventeen Franciscans were severely wounded by the Greeks in the courtyard of the Holy Sepulchre"

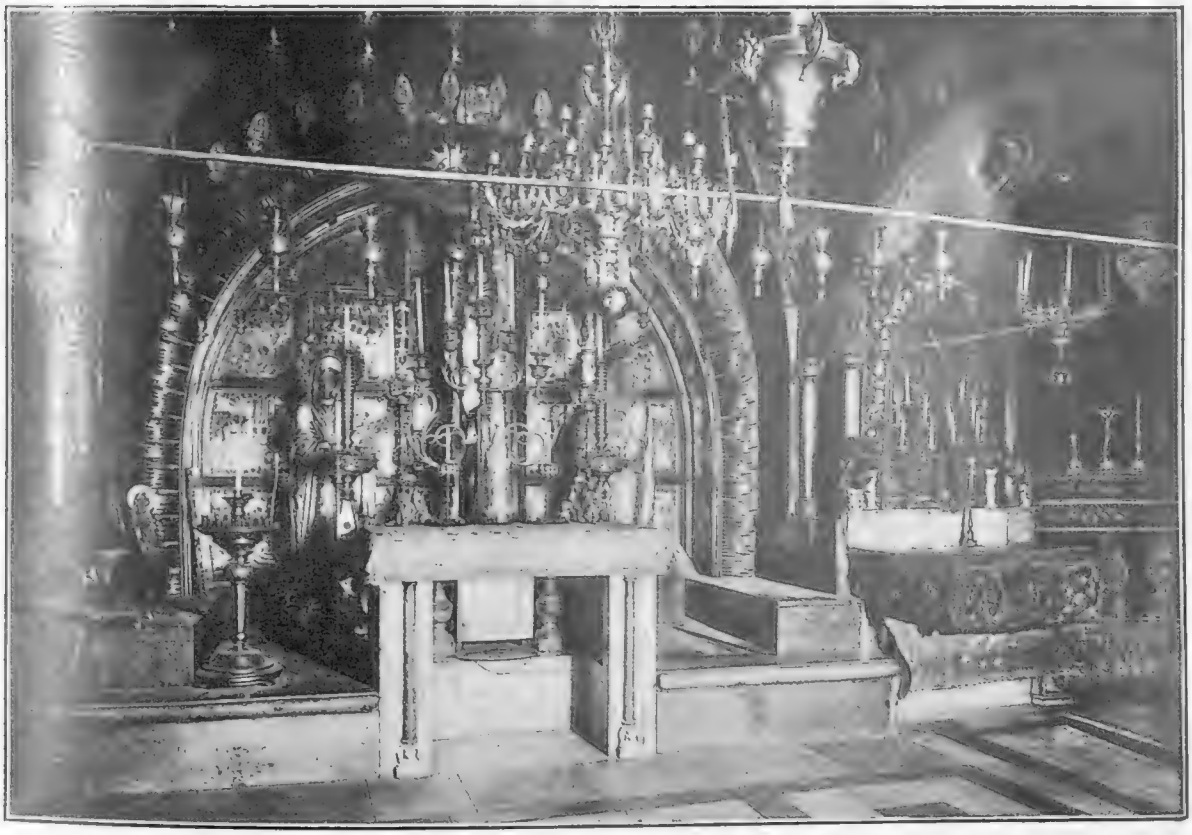
The Mount of Olives, showing the Garden of Gethsemane

On the right of the illustration is seen the Russian Church, built on the supposed site of the "Grotto of Agony." All sites in Jerusalem are greatly disputed, in contra-distinction to those at Bethlehem, on the authenticity of which no doubts are cast. To the passion of the Russian peasantry for pilgrimage may be ascribed the hold which Russia is obtaining upon the Holy Land. "This half religious, half political movement, which presses Russia ever southwards to the Holy places, is (writes Mr. Arthur C. Headlam) one of the forces which will mould Russian history in the future much more surely than the skill of her statesmen"

"Jerusalem for the Jews": A pathetic petition

The Jews, *officially* prohibited from entering Jerusalem, put notes in the stones of this wall begging that Jerusalem be restored to them. In spite of this official prohibition, out of about 60,000 inhabitants, some 40,000 are Jews, and all the trade is in their hands. The Jewish population is said to have increased ten-fold or more in sixty years

The Holy Sepulchre as it is to-day



An interior view of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre

At Easter, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the scene of a wonderful exhibition of Russian devotion and fervour. The Russian pilgrims, who come to the Holy Land in their thousands, flock to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. On Easter Eve they may be seen packed like sardines on the floor of the Church, the families being grouped round the great brass Samovar, which is their chief travelling asset. When the first warm days of May bring in the sirocco, the death-rate among these devout pilgrims is very great

JERUSALEM AS IT IS TO-DAY: THE GREAT PILGRIMAGE AT EASTERTIDE

The Lotus—The Sacred Emblem of the East

Lotus pond, Shinobadzu, Ueno Park, Tokyo

The lotus is the Bhuddist emblem of immortality, and is usually seen growing in profusion in the sacred precincts of the temples devoted to Bhudda. The Ueno Park, in which the pool shown is situated, is the most popular resort in Tokyo, especially just now, when the avenue of cherry trees is in bloom

Lotus pond and decorative bridge, Osaka

Although the lotus grows to such perfection in Japan, veneration for it there is fast disappearing with the old religion. But in India and Tibet, the great centres of the Bhuddist faith, the sacred flower is held in the greatest esteem

OUR SHORT STORY

KITTY MAJENDIE OF "PAUL'S"

By C. RANGER-GULL

"A little College is a dangerous thing," a distorter of proverbs has said; and, speaking generally, there is some truth in the apothegm. As a rule, there are not enough different sets in a small college, at either University, to keep its life healthy, vigorous, and varied.

But now and then it happens that a small college takes a high and important place in University affairs. This was the case with St. Paul's, Oxford. The Eton men who could not get into "The House" went there, though it was by no means a mere hostel of Christ Church, and had a distinct individuality of its own.

Its boat was decently high up in the first division; both the football teams — Rugby especially—were good, and Paul's turned out a lot of riding men. It had a grind of its own, and either at the dignity of a Heythrop meet at Chipping Norton, or the wild freedom of a Farmers' Beagle Dinner at Woodstock, its men were well represented.

The Foundation itself was wealthy, and most of the undergraduates were well-to-do.

The President, Dr. Majendie, was quite an old-time don. He had succeeded to the headship of the College long before Fellows lived in red-brick residences in the Parks, and rode in to lectures on bicycles. The modernity of Oxford distressed him. He hated the fast trains that made the City of Spires a mere suburb of London, and when a higher-grade board-school boy got the Craven, he snorted.

The pushing young dons of the Hebdomadal Council despised Dr. Majendie, and called him a "survival," a tradition-worshipper, an old stick. Nevertheless, he ruled his own College wisely and well.

Dr. Majendie had been a widower for many years. He had married at forty, and his wife, who was considerably younger than he was, had died in child-birth two years later. The President had seen but little of his child. Most of her life had been spent in a Parisian boarding school, until at seventeen Mdlle. Coucherousset had returned Miss Majendie, a highly finished product of her establishment, to the quiet groves of Academe.

Kitty had been at Oxford for three weeks. Negotiations were leisurely proceeding with a feminine dragon who should eventually take up her abode in the President's lodge, but these were not hurried. Meanwhile, the young lady found herself in a situation and environment so full of interest and amusement that it surpassed her wildest dreams.

She was a very pretty, dark-haired girl, with a demure manner that deceived nobody. Flirtation lurked at the corners of her curved lips, it danced in her eyes, and pulsed in her blood. She was not a bad girl in any way, but she was seventeen, sweetly complete, and in perfect health. Her curiosity was great. Man, the Protagonist, had always interested her, and she suddenly found herself set down among several hundreds of him, for the most part young and well bred.

Her interest was warmly reciprocated by the undergraduates of Paul's. She had not been in College half a day before everyone knew all about her. In two days, her slim daintiness was familiar to the general eye, and men began to take down the photographs of the reigning musical comedy girl from their mantel-shelves.

Coverly, a third-year man, who had been *proxime* for the Newdigate, said that Miss Majendie "was an oblation to the visual passions." Dudley Coxe, the steeplechaser, and the greatest "blood" in College, called his new mare "Lady Kitty."

The President entertained in the usual way. His breakfasts and lunches were feasts at which both don and undergraduates were equally bored. Miss Majendie's arrival changed all that. The President saw no reason why his daughter should not preside at his table on these occasions; his daughter entirely and enthusiastically concurred in his view.

Since Kitty's sojourn in Paul's, the President had given two "brekkers" and one luncheon party. At these festivals, Miss Kitty had made the acquaintance of some dozen ingenuous youths. The first fortunate twelve formed a sort of nucleus, who introduced the damsel to their friends on every possible opportunity.

Whenever Kitty walked down the Broad—Paul's was in the Broad—some one or another of her earliest friends would mysteriously appear from nowhere and introduce another man. She realised that a well-organised system of espionage went on. The President's front door opened into the back quad of the College, and was in full view of some thirty or forty pairs of rooms. From there to the side gate of the College was only some twenty yards, but one could be observed very completely in twenty yards. Kitty hardly ever used the way through the private garden at the back of the lodge. She had taken an unaccountable dislike to that method of reaching the outside world.

Dr Majendie was charmed with his daughter's happiness. He had feared that Oxford would be but a dull place for the girl, and he was immensely relieved to find that this was not so. He knew nothing of the parcels that were left at the lodge from innumerable florists and confectioners; the butler kept a discreet and sympathetic silence on such matters. Miss Majendie's own sitting-room was always full of orchids and roses, and a lumber-room

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in the attics was half full of empty chocolate boxes. And there was a certain locked drawer which already contained an interesting collection of artless little notes, which Miss Majendie used to read sometimes, as she was brushing her long, dark hair at night.

Nothing had as yet occurred to disturb the pleasure and excitement of the situation. The dons' wives, who had called, thought Kitty a nice little thing, very quiet, but with possibilities. She would open out, they said, when Dr. Majendie had succeeded in finding the right chaperon and companion for the girl.

One evening, at dinner, the President, in his old-fashioned evening clothes, told his daughter that he had asked two men to breakfast on the following morning.

"Do not be present unless you wish, my love," he said, "but I think you will like young Lord Lavington. He is our only peer at present, and though a quiet and hitherto undistinguished youth, his presence with us is good for the College. So long as a man is of good family, I care nothing for the mere accident of a title. But it is a good thing in a small community like ours. It shows the greater foundations, such as Christ Church or Magdalen, that Paul's also has something to offer the sons of the great. The other gentleman is Mr. Dudley-Coxe, of the Somersetshire Coxes. He is quite a leader in College, I understand. The young men make him a sort of hero. It is as well that generous youth should have an Achilles to admire, and I only wish I could see the remotest chance of Mr. Dudley-Coxe ever taking his degree. I fear," concluded the good old man, with a gentle sigh, "that even pass schools are beyond him!"

"Certainly, father," said Kitty, demurely. "I shall like to be there. Your daughter wants to help you all she can."

She kissed the old gentleman affectionately, and when he went back to his quiet study, it was with a dim eye that he sat down to his books.

Kitty went to her own room. She was glad Lord Lavington was coming. He had been pointed out to her in the High, a grave-faced, athletic young fellow. He was not exactly popular in College, she knew, though he was not in any way disliked. Men liked to think that there was a son of a Marquis at Paul's.

It was a hot night, in the early part of the summer term. The windows of the girl's room were wide open, and the almost intolerable perfume of the flowers in it lay heavily on the air.

In an armchair a very small fox-terrier puppy, with the green and purple ribbon of Paul's round its neck, lay asleep.

It was Kitty's latest possession, and already she loved it dearly. Three days before, a boy had left a basket, addressed to Miss Majendie, at the lodge. The puppy slept inside. No note, or card, gave a hint as to the donor. Kitty had not the slightest idea from whom the jolly, infantile, little beast had come.

The boy who left it had come from Bagshawe's stables in Holywell, that was all Kitty could find out, and she had accordingly named the puppy "Bagshawe," until such time as the mystery should be solved. Solved, she was determined that it should be. Such a gift was better than flowers that faded, chocolates that endured for a day and were not. It struck a more intimate and human note.

Kitty read for an hour or two. Then "Bagshawe" awoke from slumber, and began to grow restless. He ran to the door and whined in a tiny, piteous voice.

"You *shall* have some fresh air, my darling," Kitty said. "It *is* hot, and your missis will let you out for a run."

She took the little animal in her arms and went downstairs into the hall.

The garden door was some little distance away, down a passage. The front door was close at hand. Kitty opened it gently, put puppy down, and watched him run down the steps and play about in the quadrangle.

The quad was in bright moonlight and deepest shadow. Here and there a window glowed yellow, high up in the buildings, otherwise there was no sign of life.

It was a beautiful and poetic scene, and it touched the girl. She stood there, a slim, white-robed young figure against the grey stone, and felt something of the immemorial tradition of the ancient place.

A short, excited bark from Bagshawe dispelled her dreamy thoughts. The puppy, some distance away on the other side of the quadrangle, suddenly made a bolt for the archway of one of the staircases. Without any clear thought of what she was doing, Kitty rushed down the steps and fled over the moon-lit space after her pet.

The little beast heard the light thunder of her feet and fled, with a yelp of mischief.

He scrambled up two steps of an archway, and as Kitty arrived she saw his little tail disappearing inside the door, which stood ajar, of some rooms on the ground floor.

Her one desire was to capture Bagshawe. It filled her little feather-brain to the exclusion of everything else. In the wild excitement of the moment, she pushed open the door, and flung into a room which was brilliantly lit with electric light.

A tall young man in a college blazer, and with a big pipe in his mouth, had just risen from a table on which were some open books. The puppy was leaping at his legs in an ecstasy of pleasure and recognition. It was Lord Lavington who confronted the panting damsel with blushing wonder. She recognised him at once.

"Oh, I'm *so* sorry!" she said, with a sudden realisation of what she had done. "I let him out for a breath of air, and he ran away! I followed him without thinking. . . . . Please forgive me!"

"Oh, er, *rather!*" said Lord Lavington. "Get down, you little beast. So good of you to come, Miss Majendie; that is, I mean—of course, you *had* to catch him, hadn't you?"

Kitty looked at the blushing young man, and the ludicrous side of the adventure struck her. She began to laugh.

Lord Lavington laughed too—he had a merry infectious laugh.

"He was always rather a frisky little creature," he

"It's a second sitting-room." Lavington whispered, in a hoarse, terrified voice, "it's not my 'bedder'! I'll get them away soon. Quick!" Kitty glided behind the curtain

DRAWN BY SYDNEY SEYMOUR LUCAS

said. Then he stopped suddenly. He had betrayed himself. His ingenuous young face fell, and grew a deeper crimson.

"I didn't mean—" he said, "I thought, perhaps, you might be fond of dogs!"

The experienced Miss understood the situation at once. "Thank you, *so* much," she said. "I shall value him even more now that I know who sent him." A light in Lavington's eyes showed that she had put it badly.

"It's so awkward not to know where anything comes from," she added, quickly.

"Perhaps I oughtn't to have sent it," he said, "especially as we haven't been introduced. But I had seen you and ——"

"We shall be formally introduced to-morrow," Kitty answered, with a radiant smile. "Father told me you were coming to breakfast. What pretty rooms you have, Lord Lavington. I've never been in College rooms before. I'm waiting till eights-week. Now I must really go, I ought not to be here—what's that?"

She started in alarm. A heavy tramp of feet came from the quadrangle outside, a sound of jubilant voices. Then a loud voice called for "Lavington."

The young man lost his head.

"Oh, Miss Majendie!" he said, his face pale with horror. "It's Dudley-Coxe and his set. They're coming *here*! Quick, I implore you – this inner room!"

Kitty, as white as he, shrunk for a moment at a curtained doorway.

"It's a second sitting-room," Lavington whispered, in a hoarse, terrified voice, "it's *not* my 'bedder'! I'll get them away soon. Quick!"

Kitty glided behind the curtain.

Lord Lavington had a suite of three rooms, in the new buildings, some of the best in College. Kitty found herself, trembling, in a small apartment fitted up as a library. Her heart thumped like a motor-engine; she knew in a flash the frightful position in which her thoughtlessness had placed her.

Lavington rushed to the door in order to sport the "oak," or outer barrier, as he ought to have done at first. But he was too late.

Half a dozen noisy men came crowding into the room, men who had dined, and, possibly, wined as well.

"What do you chaps want?" Lavington said. "I'm working. I don't want you now."

"Hospitable gent, ain't he!' said the strident voice of Mr. Dudley-Coxe. "We won't detain you long, my friend, and if you give us a drink, we'll go sooner. We're going to drink a health!"

"There's whisky and syphons, confound you," Kitty heard her host say.

Glasses clinked, and soda hissed in them.

"Now, then," said Dudley-Coxe, "I've got it!"

"Got what?"

"Why the lovely Kitty's photograph! Little darling! I'm going to 'brekker' with the President to-morrow, and I shall meet the fair original for the first time. Then you chaps had better look out!"

There was a chorus of shouts, "He'll wear it next what he calls his heart." "He'll put it under his pillow to-night."

"'Course I shall!" came the strident voice once more. "She's the neatest little girl I've seen for years. I'll make her sign it for me if I get a moment alone with her to-morrow."

"Look at Lavington!" some one else shouted thickly.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, I'll tell you," cried Dudley-Coxe. "I was in Millman's with Lavington yesterday, just as the attendant was packing up a dozen photos that dear little Kitty had had taken. We saw them. I told Lavington I was going to give the bounder in the shop a quid for one of them, and he said it was bad form, and a low thing to do! Didn't you, my Quixote? But I swore I'd have one, and I've got it."

Kitty heard the sound of a kiss. Then the same voice said, "Wish it was the kitter herself, by Jove!"

"The kitter! The kitter!" came in half a dozen voices. There was a clinking of glasses.

The girl trembled with shame and anger. She was half fainting with the fury of her emotions.

She heard Lord Lavington's angry voice drowned in a chorus of half-drunken laughter. Then there was a bang. Some one began to hammer out a popular melody on the piano, the voices took up the refrain:

Dear little girl, just a kiss, kiss, kiss!
One that you never would miss, miss, miss!
With my arm round your waist,
Oh, just for a taste
Of that velveteen, honey and bliss!

Lord Lavington had slipped in to her. His face was white as linen; she thought she saw tears in his eyes.

"I'm going to turn out the electric lights," he hissed. "The door's open; rush for it!"

He was gone.

Once more the nonsense crashed out:

Dear little girl, just a kiss, kiss——

Kitty was in sudden darkness; the music in the other room stopped, as if it had been turned off by a tap. There was a rowdy shouting and confusion.

Gathering up her skirts, with a horrid fear in her heart, she ran swiftly through the noise and blackness. Something went over with a crash, but in a moment she was out again in the moon-lit quadrangle. In a moment more she stood on the steps of her house.

The front door was still ajar. Bagshawe had returned, and was quietly scratching his head with his hind foot on the door-mat.

Kitty caught him up in her arms, and tottered upstairs to her quiet room of flowers.

She kissed the unconscious puppy, and sank into a chair with a great throb of relief, followed by a flood of tears.

. . . . .

Breakfast was over. It had not gone as well as usual, the President thought dimly, as he carried Lord Lavington off for a moment, to look at some old engravings in the hall.

Kitty was left alone with Mr. Dudley-Coxe, no longer the amorous songster of the night before, but big, red-faced and rather shy, acutely conscious of the ridiculous little black stuff gown, that etiquette bade him wear when visiting the President—who was very particular about such things.

"Oh, Mr. Coxe!" Kitty said, "this is a good opportunity. Give me the photograph. I will sign it now."

The young man looked at her in amazement.

She stamped her foot upon the ground, and an angry light came into her eyes.

He put his hand to his breast-pocket, bewildered, and hardly knowing what he did. He drew the photograph from it and handed it to her.

. . . . .

Lord Lavington has the photograph, and great hopes of the original some day, while no one leaves presents at the President's lodge any more.

An idea has got about in Paul's, that its rather bad form, after all.

C. Ranger-Gull.

MR. BIFF'S TRAVELS WITH A GUIDE-BOOK

PICTURED IN WEEKLY CHAPTERS BY LAWSON WOOD

Chapter XI.—CAPTURED BY CANNIBALS

"But listen: Part III., page 16, says cannibalism is extinct, so you *can't* eat me"

FROM ABROAD

UNDER IONIAN SKIES AT CORFU

Where and what is Corfu? were questions asked last week by the unsophisticated. The untravelled wise were full of facts—"In the Mediterranean, don't you know—German Emperor's just been there"—but the travelled wise held their peace. Corfu to them is much more:

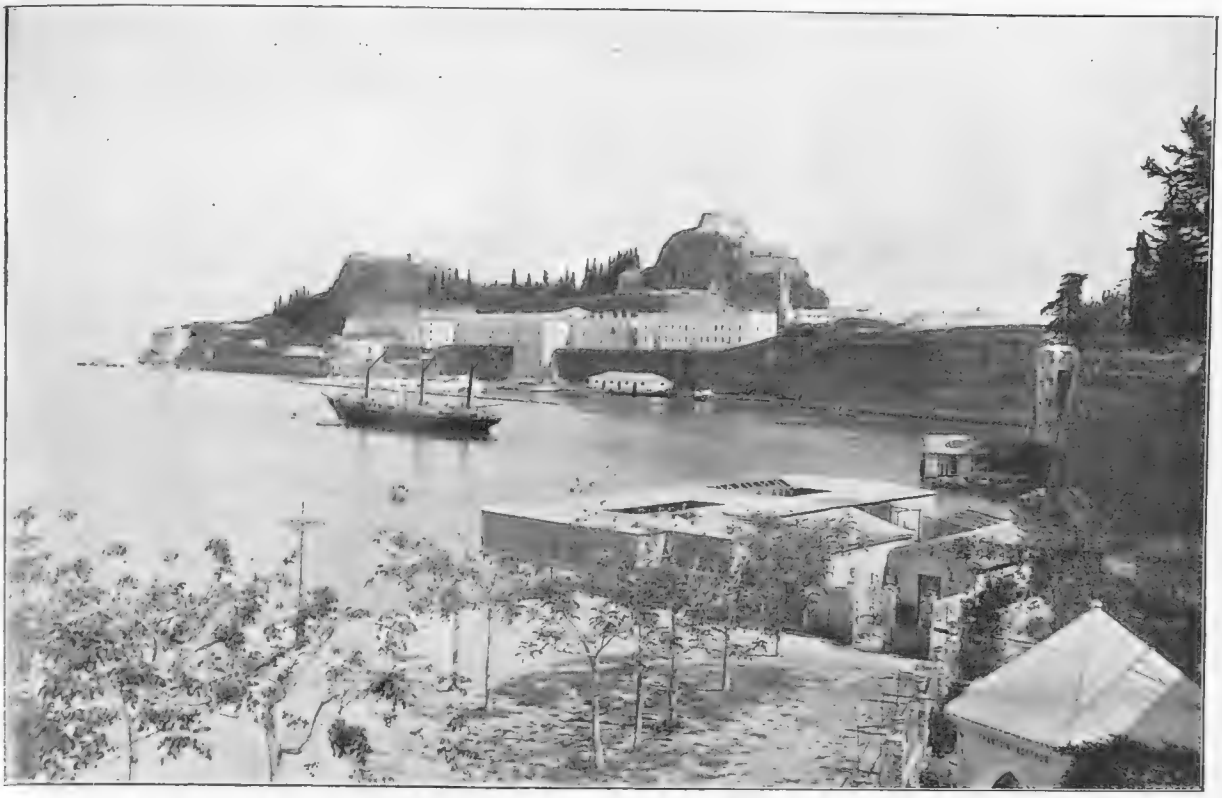
> It is an isle under Ionian skies,
> Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise

And, as yet, its gently sloping hills, its charming olive woods with their rich carpet of turf, and its miniature bays, where fruit orchards fringe the seashore, are comparatively unknown. It cannot, of course, last much longer. The German Emperor has been there. Shortly, will appear the ubiquitous American woman with purple veil and Baedeker, and then the pristine charm of Corfu will have departed for ever. The late Empress of Austria chose Corfu for her winter residence, and her magnificent house (Villa Achilleion), which contains a fine collection of statuary and Pompeiian antiquities, is the principal show-place on the island. It was while returning from a visit to this place that three young English "middies" from H.M.S. *Bulwark* came under the Kaiser's notice. A ferry had to be crossed. The boat would not carry the whole party, so with midshipmanly innocence the young gentlemen stripped and swam across. This sight, however refreshing it may have been to those living in the

The Kaiser on Tour: "Taking a trick at the wheel"

The Villa Achilleion, the beautiful home of the late Empress of Austria in Corfu

The late Empress, who, it will be remembered, fell by an assassin's hand, was extremely fond of her residence in Corfu. A curious legend is told of the famous pearls which belonged to the Empress. They are said to have been enclosed in an iron case and let down into the sea near by, and local fishermen point out, for the benefit of the curious, the "exact" spot where this took place



The Fortezza Vecchia, Corfu, and the new barracks

The new barracks are built on the site of an old Venetian fort, part of which still remains, and is seen in our illustration standing behind in solitary grandeur. Corfu was, for many centuries, under the rule of Venice, but at the present time is the chief of the islands grouped together in the Ionian Republic

outer world,' was distinctly repugnant to the nuns of a neighbouring convent, who "mew'd in the cloister," could not appreciate the glorious harmony of white flesh tints seen against the Mediterranean blue. Complaints were made, and the Kaiser signalled to Admiral Domvile: "Hear your midshipmen have been shocking the good nuns by their costumes." The Kaiser evidently has some sense of humour, but the Admiral went one better by replying: "Have heard circumstance your Majesty mentions, but you are misinformed in one particular. *These young gentlemen had no costumes.*" We understand the incident is of no interna(ta)tional importance.

The Esplanade at Corfu

A curious feature which at once strikes the visitor is the arcaded houses. The shops and booths are quite open, in true Oriental style. In fact, at Corfu is seen a blending of East and West, which is one of its most pleasing characteristics, and is seen nowhere else

The Diary of a Girl in France in 1821, which Mr. Murray will shortly publish, is likely to be one of the literary curiosities of the Spring. Mary Browne, the little authoress, was only about fourteen when she wrote—and illustrated—this diary, and was brought up in the old-fashioned school of loyalty, which held that everything un-English must of necessity be bad. In Mary Browne's eyes, it was the blackest treason to admire anything foreign, and her whole book, at which we have been permitted a preliminary peep, is most charmingly quaint and naïve. She was one of the daughters of Mr. William Browne, of Tallentire Hall, Cumberland, who took his wife and family of six children for a four months' visit to France in 1821. They were all imbued with the same devotion to English things, and took, not only their cook and other servants, but two of their own carriages. They treasured up everything they saw that seemed to them eccentric or uncouth—as may be seen in the primitive, but amusing illustrations with which Mary Browne illustrated her diary. Mary herself, who seems to have been a singularly lovable girl, died when she was little more than twenty-six. Her diary has been edited by Commander the Hon. H. N. Shore, R.N.

"Many Europeans live in China for years without learning anything of the habits and customs of the people. They tell you that they are 'beastly,' and that they take no interest in them. As for the ordinary 'globe-trotter,' of him it may be said, in the words of the prophet Isaiah, 'thou seest many things, but thou observest them not.'" Thus writes the Rev. E. J. Hardy, of "How to be Happy though Married" fame, who has written a book on Chinese life and character, which Mr. Fisher Unwin is to publish. Mr. Hardy is just returning from Hong Kong, where he has been chaplain to H.M. forces for the past three and a half years, and where he has had ample opportunity of studying the Celestial at home. In his new book, he does not speak of his work as chaplain, as that has been done already in his "Mr. Thomas Atkins," published in 1900. It is one of Mr. Hardy's hobbies to think of the queer things of life—so he tells us himself in 'Who's Who," where, by the way, he also gives his club as "his wife's tea-table," and his favourite recreation, "riding his horse 'Baby,' or her assistant curate, as he calls his bicycle"—and he seems to have found the Chinese amazingly interesting.

Most of our readers will remember the tragic death of young Dr. Ronald Hudson, the Senior Wrangler of '98, while mountaineering in Wales in the early autumn of last year. One of his last mathematical works—*Kummer's Quartic Surface*—is about to be published by the Cambridge University Press, with a sympathetic introductory note by Dr. H. F. Baker, F.R.S., who writes:—"Attentive readers can judge what devotion, what acumen, went to the making of a book of such strength and breadth; a book whose brevity grows upon one with study. To those who knew the writer, it will be a reminder of the enthusiasm and brilliance which compelled their admiration, as the loyalty of his nature compelled their regard. A many-sided theory, such as that of this volume, is generally to be won only by the work of many lives; one who held so firmly the faith that the time is well spent, could ill be spared." Dr. Hudson was a son of the distinguished Professor of Mathematics, at King's College, himself third Wrangler, in 1861.

Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle have evolved an excellent plot for their new novel, *Rose of the World*, which Messrs. Smith, Elder are to publish early next month. The "Rose" herself, in her half-awakened girlhood, had married a splendid young soldier, who met his end while defending a fort on the North-West Indian frontier. In a kind of spiritual numbness, which shrank from any attempt to probe her own soul, she marries a fussy Lieutenant-Governor, in whose well-meant despotism she dully acquiesces. Then, by the insistence of her first husband's brother-in-arms, who determines that justice shall be done to the captain's memory, she is driven to go through all his old letters and journals in his quiet English home, and so awakens to the overwhelming fact that she is passionately in love with his memory, as with a still living presence. A dramatic *dénouement* follows the entrance of these and other new factors upon the scene.

Books to Order

GENERAL LITERATURE

Norway. With 75 full-page illustrations in colour, printed at the Menpes Press. By Nico Jungman. (A. and C. Black: £1 1s. net.)

What I have seen while Fishing, and how I have Caught my Fish. By Philip Geen (Fisher Unwin: 7s. 6d. net.)

A Mother of Tsars. By Mrs. Colquhoun Grant. (Murray: 12s. net.)

Free Opinions Freely Expressed. By Marie Corelli. (Constable: 6s.)

NEW FICTION

The Jackal. By Coulson Kernahan. Published to-day. (Ward, Lock and Co.: 6s.)

The Millionaire Baby. By A. K. Green. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)

Change for a Halfpenny. An amusing skit by the Authors of "Wisdom while you Wait." (Alston Rivers: 1s. net.)

Hay Fever. By W. H and C. G. Pollock. (Longmans: 3s. 6d.)

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

A LITERARY CAUSERIE BY "J.A.H."

The Month

April has scarcely been an exciting month in the literary world, though a number of novels and works in general literature by well-known authors have appeared. Perhaps the state of uncertainty in which the country exists as to the possibilities of an early General Election, is making publishers wary of increasing their lists, for experience has taught them that when we are in the toils of electioneering, even the most popular authors are apt to fall flat on the book market. On the other hand, the old custom of reserving their more important books to the autumn, and publishing nothing between the recognised "seasons," seems to be no longer observed by publishers, and we may say that just now it is "close time" for books; though, of course, the bulk of the year's publishing is still done in the fall, to use one of the few good Americanisms.

Mr. Max Pemberton

Whose new novel, "Mid the Thick Arrows," has appeared this month

Mr. Max Pemberton's Latest

If you never quite know what period Mr. Pemberton will take you through, you can, at least, depend upon being entertained, and that, to the majority of readers, is the main thing. His new novel, "Mid the Thick Arrows" (Hodder: 6*s.*), has been the popular success of the month. I confess that, when I took it up, I was under the impression that our versatile romancer, after having exploited widely separated periods of history — not to say "The Great To-come"—had got as far back as Stevenson in "The Black Arrow," to the Wars of the Roses; but no, his arrows are metaphorical: his theme, Society of to-day. Mr. Barrie tells us of his boyish disappointment when he found that "The Arabian Nights" (got from a library) was not what Margaret Ogilvy and he had expected—"on discovering that they were nights when we had paid for knights we sent that volume packing, and I have curled my lips at it ever since." But while many may be attracted to Mr. Pemberton's new story expecting knights, and will find instead nights—Society's garish nights—they will not repine, for Mr. Pemberton carries off his tale with that *éclat* always charcteristic of him, no matter what his subject may be. It is somewhat in the manner of his "Doctor Xavier," and quite as successful. A bright, racy story of what the French love to call "high life."

Some New Novels

Among the other novels of the month is one which resembles Mr. Pemberton's in *milieu*, but by no means in the *verve* with which the latter is written. I refer to Miss Winifred Graham's new story, with the portentous title, "Wickedness in High Places" (White: 6*s.*). This reminds one of those absolutely innocent shows at country fairs, which attract the quidnuncs with flaring notices: "For men only," and send them away disappointed. At one stage of Miss Graham's tale it does look as though her title were to be justified, but the end is entirely respectable. Miss Graham is a young and successful writer, who is seen at her best, I think, in her graceful little stories for children. Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim has added another to his long list of popular novels, in the shape of "The Master Mummer" (Ward Lock: 6*s.*), which, like all his books, is a tale of mystery, and a really clever one to boot. No writer has better gauged the taste of the bookstall public than Mr. Oppenheim, whose novels, by the way, have a large sale in America. His father was an American, but the novelist has spent most of his life in England, and is devoted to country pursuits down in East Anglia. A novelist who had seemed to fall away after her memorable success with "A Yellow Aster," has given us a new book, "Patricia: A Mother" (Huchinson: 6*s.*),

which is, in many ways, superior to the clever, but meretricious work just named, and adds greatly to the reputation of "Iota" (Mrs. Mannington Caffyn). "Rita" has also published a new novel of the "high life" variety, "Queer Lady Judas" (Hutchinson: 6*s.*), which has a strong family resemblance to "Doctor Xavier," but she makes the mistake of being didactic when her business is to be entertaining. Mr. Pemberton knows better than that! Nor has Miss Florence Warden quite come up to her old level of ingenuity in weaving an intricate plot in her latest effort, "The Youngest Miss Brown" (Chatto: 6*s.*). When good Americans die they go to Paris, we are told, and it might be added that when they write novels they love to cast their scenes in Paris, if, for the nonce, they abandon their native land. Miss Florence Roosevelt, who is a cousin of America's literary and "strenuous" President, has just written a novel of student-life in the Gay City, entitled "The Siren's Nest" (Unwin: 6*s.*), which illustrates very vividly the dangers and difficulties surrounding that numerous class, the girl-students of music in Paris.

Mr. C. F. Keary

Among our writers who do not receive, at the hands of the reading public, one tithe of the attention to which their qualities entitle them, is Mr. C. F. Keary, whose new novel, "Bloomsbury," is exercising the minds of the critics just now with curiously different issues. That is the worst of Mr. Keary: there is so often in his work this possibility of really serious critics agreeing to differ as to its value, though I fancy everybody was of opinion that he did make an unmitigated failure ten years ago with "Herbert Vanlennert." Yet he has come so near to the great thing in several of his books that we must rank him among the really notable novelists of the day. In "Bloomsbury" there is not even a remote suggestion that the author cares a fig for the favour of the circulating libraries. It is an inordinately long book, it is devoid of that "story" interest which the popular novel must always have; but its characters are so obviously "taken from life," and the realistic treatment of the whole is so convincing, that one is carried along by sheer interest in the characters, which is surely the proper function of the novel. Mr. Keary is a nephew of Annie Keary, well-known as a novelist in the middle years of last century, her most popular book having been "Castle Daly." He had an unusual training for a writer of fiction, having been for fifteen years an official of the British Museum, and the author of many works on antiquarian subjects, before he turned to novel writing. His first, and in some ways his best, book of pure literary interest was "The Wanderer," published in 1888 under the pen name of "H. Ogram Matuce." This was the story of a "wander-year," a work of rare charm and distinction. "A year may be an epitome of life, and one man's life of the life of all the race," he wrote in that book; and if we change "year" to "novel," we shall have the ideal of fiction which he has always striven after. "A Mariage de Convenance" is, perhaps, his most successful novel. He has written poetry, too; I recall, especially, a fine sonnet in "The Two Lancrofts." It should also be added that Mr. Keary has given us one of the few satisfactory novels of journalistic life in "The Journalist," which, by the way, was to be the title of a work Mr. George Meredith projected long years ago, but never wrote. The journalism of "Beauchamp's Career" is not the real thing; but we get that in Mr. Keary's book, without gloss or romance.

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. C. F. Keary

Whose new novel, "Bloomsbury," is exercising the minds of the critics just now

Travel and Adventure

Books on Russia have fallen about the ears of reviewers these last few weeks thicker than leaves in Vallombrosa, though the simile is somewhat out of season. I cannot imagine that all these works are finding as many readers as their writers would like, but if they are, then, surely, the English are by way of knowing more of Russia than the Russians know of themselves! So with books about Tibet: their name is legion. Lhasa, so long the mysterious city, has suddenly become as familiar to readers as Birmingham. It is a pity that so many pressmen were allowed to accompany the expedition. I am told that Col. Waddell's "Lhasa and its Mysteries" (Murray: 25*s.*) is by far the most valuable work, which I can readily believe, for of all the members of the expedition, he was best versed in the lore of Buddhism. He has spent twenty-five years of his life in the Indian Medical Service, and has served in many a "little war," while the study of Buddhism, on which he has written several learned works, has been his especial hobby. He is a sturdy Scot, and, as a young man, was resident surgeon of Glasgow Western Infirmary. It's a far cry from Kelvingrove to Lhasa! Mr. Edmund Candler's book, "The Unveiling of Lhasa" (Arnold: 15*s.*), I read with great pleasure when it appeared at the beginning of the year, and I am persuaded that, from the popular point of view, no more graphic or picturesque account of that adventurous enterprise could have been written. Mr. Candler, who was maimed in the arm during one of the engagements, has settled down to more peaceful pursuits in London as literary editor of the *Daily Mail*, but he and the

others who have unveiled the mysterious city have done a bad turn to the writers of boys' books, for whom Lhasa, the unknown, had long been an alluring subject!

Another Book About Spain

My own interest in travel-books centres chiefly in those that deal with European countries, and describe places which one may reasonably hope to see one day with something more substantial than the mind's eye. I have read many books about Spain, my favourite writer on that most fascinating land being Mr S. R. Crockett, who knows it better than any other English author since Borrow, and whose novel, "The Firebrand," was, as I happen to know, received with intense pleasure by the Spanish community in London. Mr. Somerset Maugham's little book, "The Land of the Blessed Virgin," was clever, but much too cynical to be companionable. This latter quality, essential to all good travel books, I find in the superbly produced volumes of Mr. Rowland Thirlmere, "Letters from Catalonia" (Hutchinson: 24*s.* net.), into which I have just been dipping. Mr. Thirlmere has the art of conveying a glowing impression of what he has seen in his journeyings, he has lightness of touch, humour; and all these elements go to the making of a most attractive narrative, which ought to find many readers. His book is equally notable for the unusual number of distinguished artists whose pencils have enriched its pages with some hundred illustrations, admirably reproduced.

Photo by Kate Pragnell

Miss Winifred Graham

Autho of "Wickedness in High Places," issued this month

"Annie S. Swan"

Few novelists have enjoyed so continuous favour at the hands of the reading public as Mrs. Burnett Smith, who is one of the most industrious and successful writers of our time. Her latest story, "Christian's Cross," has been issued this month by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton (3*s.* 6*d.*), and bears the name by which she first won the affection of her vast audience—Annie S. Swan, her maiden name. But this clever lady has a unique achievement to her credit: she has made a second and entirely different reputation under the *nom de plume* of "David Lyall." It is the most difficult thing to convince some people that the two are one; for many admirers of "David Lyall" assert that "Annie S. Swan" could never write like "him"! I always suspect these confident critics of a lack of acquaintance with the avowed writings of Annie S. Swan, which—and I have read many of them—are simple, well-constructed stories, conventional in style, and purposeful. As "David Lyall" she has emulated the manner of the "kailyaird" school with complete success, showing a true appreciation of the oddities of character, and a literary flavour of style, that is absent, and no doubt purposely so, from the stories bearing the name of Annie S. Swan. Mrs. Burnett Smith, whose husband is a doctor in practice at Hampstead, believes that "the morning hour hath gold," as she sets about the literary labours of the day at six o'clock a.m., and has done a good spell of work when many of us are thinking drowsily of getting up. This comes, I suspect, of being a farmer's daughter. She has named her house "Aldersyde," after the story which brought her into fame more than twenty years ago.

By permission of T. Fisher Unwin

Miss Florence Roosevelt

A cousin of President Roosevelt, and writer of a novel, entitled "The Siren's Nest," which deals with student life in Paris

Miss Corelli's "Free Opinions"

Although Miss Corelli calls her new book "Free Opinions," you have got to pay Messrs. Constable six shillings for it! So we must not take her too literally; but there is no doubt that her sub-title is justified, as her views are certainly "Freely Expressed." It is far too common a fashion to sneer at Miss Corelli's opinions, and I, for one, will not join in the sneer. I have my own free opinions as to her literary qualities, but these are not at present in point. The fact is, while Miss Corelli is some way short of being a fine writer, she is, at the same time, something more: she is

sincere, and I can imagine a latter-day Carlyle pointing out to us her merits in such words as: "A wearisome, confused jumble, crude, incondite; endless iterations, long-windedness, entanglement," and so forth; yet enjoining us to note that the author is sincere, is in earnest, and to remember how great a matter is that. Miss Corelli really does, in a large measure, deserve her extraordinary success, as she has never been afraid to be herself, to say what she thinks; she has long since realised "the importance of being earnest." I have read, with considerable approval, most of the contents of this new book of hers (with which readers of THE BYSTANDER are already familiar), and I do think that, on the whole, it is characterised by common sense, honest criticism of modern manners, admirable indignation, and a fine power of invective. It contains much that was well worth saying, which she has said without any beating of the bush.

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. E. W. Hornung

Whose exciting "Stingaree" stories are now appearing in book form

Mr. E. W. Hornung

Probably, by the time these notes appear, Mr E. W. Hornung's new book of connected stories, "Stingaree," will be out. I have been reading them in one of the magazines, and I anticipate for the work as popular a success as attended the same author's "Amateur Cracksman," of which a new series is also appearing just now. Mr. Hornung has the art of the short story in quite unusual measure, and he is no unworthy rival of his brother-in-law, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in this respect; while he has also to his credit many excellent novels, his first popular hit having been made fifteen years ago with that fresh and vigorous story, "A Bride from the Bush." In my recent note on Colonial Literature, I fear I omitted to mention the name of Mr. Hornung, which would have strengthened my case against the growth of native literature in our Colonies, as most of his books have had their scenes laid in Australia, though the novelist is a Yorkshireman, having been born at Middlesborough, in June of 1866. He spent only about two years in Australia, coming home at the age of twenty to engage in literary work. A good many years back, he told how the life of the Antipodes had seized hold of his imagination, and, as his remarks on this head were very interesting, I venture to quote from them to-day:

> Take a young English schoolboy, such as I was, and plant him in the midst of an Australian wilderness. Why, it's a revelation to him; it's an education complete in itself. See him ambling all day across arid sandy plains, through sombre forests, beneath skies of changeless sapphire; hear him whistling as he goes, and think of the difference between this and the old country he comes from. Yet already he is to the manner born. Last year he was reading Euripides with a crib, whereas now he is reading, with his own eyes, the language of virgin wilds: "The strange scribbling of Nature learning how to write." The sublime monotony of the seasons impresses him with a sense of solemn stability, and even grandeur; the unvarying scent of the eucalyptus forest has become necessary to his nostrils. He is fast coming to love the land of his adoption. . . . There, that is how I came to the writing of my little Australian stories. The love of the land was strong in me, all its mystery, its sadness, its loneliness, its beauty, and its terror. How could I resist such a splendid and all-pervading influence? It is a country of long distances, sandy deserts, mirages, low trees, and scarcity of food and water. All these things sank into my inmost being, and I have never forgotten them.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Mrs. Burnett Smith ("Annie S. Swan")

Who also writes under the name of "David Lyall," and whose new novel, "Christian's Cross," has just been published

Precisely; this is the very reason why the best interpretation of colonial life comes to us from men who are not themselves colonials by birth. Contrast, which lies at the very root of imaginative writing, can never be so strong, so potent, in the mind of the native born, when he essays the interpretation of his own country to those whose only knowledge of it is derived from the written page and the exercise of the imagination.

Photo by *Photo Press Company*

THE SWIFTEST YACHT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

The Italian yacht, *Magdalen*, owned by M. Tonietti, which, at Cannes and other regattas in the Mediterranean this year, has been remarkably successful. Among the races won by her were the "Prix du Ministre-de-la-Marine" (16 miles in 2hrs. 9mins.) and the "Prix du Yacht Club de France" (24 miles in 2hrs. 13mins)

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The House of Commons v. The Inverallochy Fishermen

There is something very attractive and charming about the match, which took place the other day at Sandwich, between a team from the House of Commons and the Inverallochy fishermen. It is hardly my province, nor is it my purpose, to describe a match which has been pretty fully reported in all the papers. But I cannot refrain from expressing my intense pleasure at this fresh proof of one of the most charming characteristics of golf. Here you have some of the leading representatives of the nation, including the Premier himself, joining, on equal and most friendly terms, with a set of humble Northern fishermen, who could, probably, in no other way have been brought into close social contact with men whose professions and pursuits are so far removed from their own. It delights me to think of these splendid fellows (is there a finer or more lovable race of men than the Scottish fishermen?) being brought down from their far Northern home, being shown the sights of London, and then being taken down to one of the finest Southern courses to meet the highest in the land in a friendly tussle over the green. I will wager that the history of that contest, although it ended in the fishermen's defeat, will be told and told again for many a year to come in Inverallochy. The happy recipient of the club, presented by the Premier to his opponent, will no doubt hand it down as a precious heirloom in his family, and will, I feel sure, have many a proud story to tell of the graceful courtesy and charming *camaraderie* which endear Mr. Balfour to all those who meet him in the game he loves best. I do not know with whom the idea of the match originated, but, whoever it may have been, he is to be most warmly congratulated on it, for it has brought out in strong and unmistakable colours the socialising qualities of golf, the game which, more than any other, brings together peer and peasant, rich and poor, men of leisure and hard-working artisans, and enables them, for a brief space, under its fascinating spell, to forget the differences in their rank and walks in life. Let us hope that we may have many more instances of the same sort to chronicle, for there is nothing finer in the world for classes, usually far apart, than to meet in friendly rivalry on the links, and learn in that way to know and respect each other in a manner which could hardly be as well compassed by any other means.

Golf in West Africa: Club-house of the new links at Freetown, Sierra Leone

These links were only started last year, and though the ground is very rocky, the course is quite playable. The "greens" might be re-named "brown-," as they are made of mud, which hardens at once. The dusky and lightly clad youth in the picture takes the keenest interest in both players and game. The boy in white on the verandah is a native "caddie." They are reputed to be quite up to the standard of their white brothers

"Regent Street," Freetown, Sierra Leone, West Africa

The dwellers on the not too salubrious coast of West Africa like to recall their native land, hence the name of the above street. The golf course, recently started in Freetown, is looked upon, by the officers quartered there, as a perfect godsend, as it furnishes a recreation which is full of reminiscences of home

From Afric's Sunny Shore

From Sandwich to Sierra Leone is a far cry, but on the enchanted carpet of the genii of golf I make the transit with the utmost ease. The illustration on the previous page is that of the ub-house at Freetown, Sierra Leone. The links were nly started last year, but they are already quite play-ble, though on unfavourable soil, and the greens are browns," being composed of mud which hardens at nce. The player, of whom Mr. John Low said, in a mous dictum, that "he was not much of a player, but good putter on mud," would be in his element here. The Freetown Club boasts of thirty-five members, and if the greens are brown, so, too, are the caddies, to judge by the figures in the photograph. Apparently, young West Africa is taking to the game, or the little nigger in the foreground is, I am told, quite delighted when a ball is given to him, which he knocks about with a primitive club of his own fashioning. Who knows; perhaps, some day, this dusky beginner will develop into a fine player, and compete in the Championship with honour, for many of the fine Jersey players, now in the foremost flight, began the game in some such fashion as is here depicted, though, I hasten to add, not minus the usual clothes. I am very pleased to hear of the good prospects of the game in Sierra Leone, and offer my best wishes for the continued success and prosperity of the Freetown Golf Club and the members of that enterprising institution.

The Amateur Championship of France

About this time last year, to be exact, on April 13, I wrote a full description of the Paris Golf Club, whose "habitat" is at La Boulie, near Versailles. I take this oportunity to call my readers' attention to the fact that the great meeting of the club takes place on June 8-10, when the French Amateur Championship will be played for, and other prizes as well. Intending competitors will get full information by applying to the secretary, M. P. Hébert, Société de Golf de Paris, La Boulie, près Versailles. Last year, the meeting was conducted under the able management of Mr. Ryder Richardson, the well-known and popular secretary of the St. George's Club, and was, I need hardly add, a complete success. Mr. Richardson tells me that the alterations in the course have been a great improvement, and his opinion coincides with my own to the effect that the course is an excellent specimen of a really good inland links. I trust that this year some of our crack amateurs will run over and have a shot at the Championship. They will find a most luxurious club-house, the equal of which, for comfort and convenience, it would be hard to discover over here, and they will be welcomed by a band of French sportsmen, with M. Deschamps at their head, whose enthusiasm for the game is only equalled by their courtesy and hospitality to strangers within their gates.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

LAWN TENNIS

THE COVERED COURT CHAMPIONSHIP

In Praise of Covered Courts

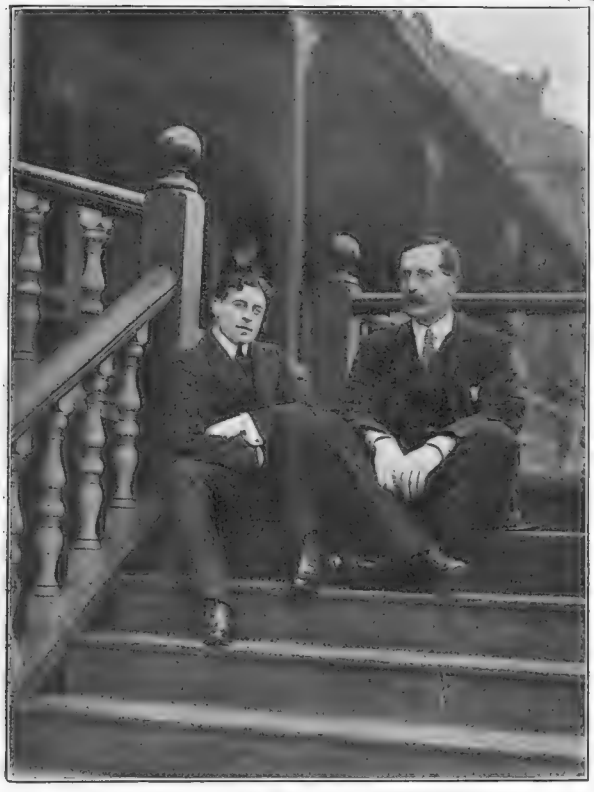
The perfection of lawn tennis is, without any doubt whatever, the Covered Court game. But it is a fairly expensive amusement, for each full-sized court costs about £2,000 to build. At Queen's Club, which is the headquarters of indoor tennis, we have two full-sized courts, and here, during the winter months, as fine a game may be seen played as anywhere in the world. Here the Dohertys, Ritchie, Gore, Caridia, Mahony, Flavelle, Greville, Escombe, Norris, Hough, and other less well-known exponents of the Covered Court game practise the whole winter through, and many a brilliant game is the outcome. And, surely, what can be more brilliant at lawn tennis than the covered-in game, where the bound of the ball is so true, and the light on a fine day so perfect? Wind and rain are of no consequence to the indoor enthusiast, and it is only fogs that interfere with this class of play.

If Only Queen's Club Were Better Managed!

That fogs interfere, during November and December, with the every-day *habitués* of the Club, is a well-known fact, but, luckily, there are other amusements to fall back upon when darkness reigns supreme; and then it is that the billiard-room and the card-rooms are brought into requisition, and billiards and bridge become the order of the day. And if only the Club were better managed, and the wishes of the members more looked after, what a real success it might be. At present it just jogs along, and though for years we have been trying to induce the directors to build two more Covered Courts to meet the ever-increasing demand for play, it is but now that they are giving it their serious attention. At present, also, the accommodation for spectators is totally inadequate, and we trust that, with the new courts, space for at least 1,500 spectators will be provided.

The Open Singles and the Challenge

The entries this year for the blue ribbon of the Covered Court game hardly came up to expectations, for we missed such familiar names as Mahony, Greville, Cazalet, Eaves, Wilding, and Décugis from the list. But otherwise, it was representative of present-day experts We have had one or two splendid five-set matches in the Open Singles, Ritchie beating Gore 3—2 in the very first round. Caridia and Flavelle played another long match, and again Caridia and Ritchie in the final were at two sets all, before the latter secured the deciding set. The Challenge round, between H. L. Doherty (the holder) and Ritchie, had been looked forward to with unusual interest when it became known that Ritchie



H. L. Doherty

Who retained his title of Champion in the Covered Court Tournament

G. W. Hillyard

Who, partnered by H. L. Doherty, won the Championship in the Gentlemen's Doubles

M. J. G. Ritchie

Who won the Gentlemen's Singles, but was defeated in the Challenge Round by H. L. Doherty

G. A. Caridia

Who played so splendidly in the Gentlemen's Singles, but was finally defeated by M. J. G. Ritchie

FOUR CELEBRATED PLAYERS IN THE COVERED COURT LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

had won the All Comers' prize, as last year, in the London Championships of the Covered Court. Ritchie beat H. L. Doherty, then Gore beat Ritchie, and in the final, that rising French player, Max Décugis, beat A. W. Gore by three sets to two, after some capital play on both sides. H. L. Doherty was keen on avenging his defeat, and did so to the tune of 6—1, 8—6, 6—1. His service and volleying were very deadly, and he played quite up to his reputation. The Doubles were won by M. J. G. Ritchie and G. M. Simond, who were finally defeated in the Challenge Round by last year's champions, H. L. Doherty and G. W. Hillyard.

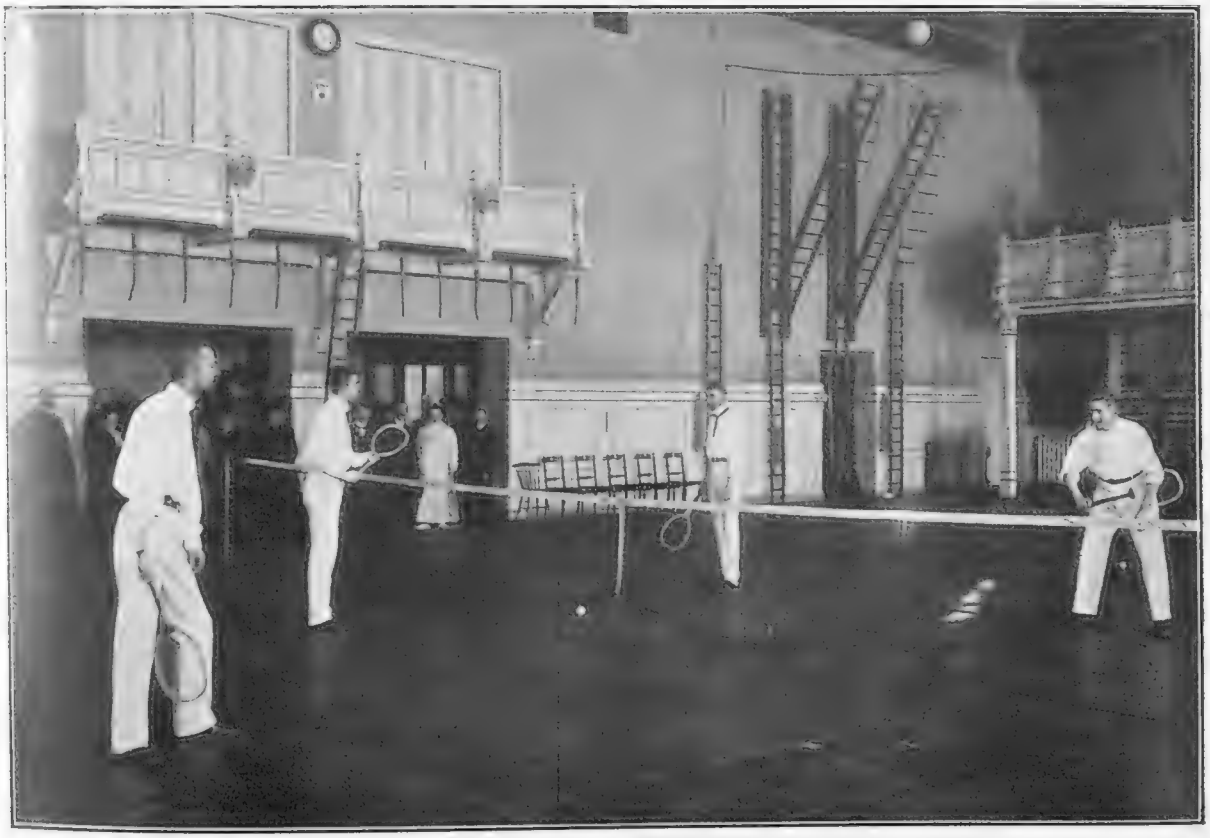
The New Lady Champion

The ladies were also not fully represented, the holder of the Championship, Miss D. K. Douglass, being unable to defend, owing to the injury to her wrist, but Miss H. Lane, who ultimately won, has to be congratulated on the very fine game she put up in the final against Miss Eastlake Smith, who also has made great improvement this winter, and who will yet do better, should she continue to play the game.

The difficulty of finding umpires and linesmen for the different matches has again been great, and until we hear of less friction between the player and the umpire on doubtful decisions, we cannot see how things will improve.

Covered Courts, at Home and Abroad

Covered Court Tournaments are becoming less scarce every year now, and the Continental cities are building Covered Courts as well, so that in a few years time, Tennis Tournaments will continue the whole year round. Lyons held its first Covered Court Tournament quite recently, and a great success it was. The Tennis Club de Lyon have two Covered Courts now, that are the equal of any that I know of, and, though the floor is of dark green asphalte, instead of wood, the bound of the ball is splendid, and not quite so fast as coming off wood. The Craigside Hydro, Llandudno, has also two splendid Covered Courts, where every year the Welsh Championships are held, and the Tennis Club de Paris, which holds the French Championships every Easter, can boast of two very good Covered Courts at Auteuil, which have done excellent service the last ten years. The old Hyde Park Club in Pickering Place, W., where the Singles Championship was held for many years, still exists, but it is also used for other purposes than tennis, at the present time. Once a week it is given up to the tender mercies of tennis players, but the days of the Renshaws, Lewis, and Meers are gone, and only one of the members of its early days has remained faithful to it, and can be seen playing on its well-worn floor. They have only one court there, and they are very cramped for room, but they enjoy the game nevertheless, and every member of the club is as keen a tennis player as you could meet anywhere. Stockholm has its Covered Court, and so has Brighton, and there are one or two private ones in England at the present time, but they are few and far between; and that is about all. In time, let us hope, the excellence of Covered Court play will become manifest to all, and then, in every important town of England, we trust, a club will be found with its attendant Covered Court.



The Crown Prince of Sweden and his son, Prince Gustavus Adolphus (near court), playing against two members of the Christiania Lawn Tennis Club

MATTERS MUSICAL

A Clavecin Recital

It is fashionable now to choose one's furniture and surroundings from the oldest models, and something of the same spirit may have been responsible for the two recitals of old harpsichord music recently given by Miss Wanda Landowska at Queen's Hall. She seems, at the same time, to have had the idea of showing the growth of various musical forms, such as the valse, for instance, from simple dance tunes, and also of illustrating the possibilities of the instruments which preceded the present-day piano. Sitting quietly in Queen's Hall, and waiting for Miss Landowska to make her appearance, one reflected that there was a tremendous advance in mechanism from the long, thin, somewhat anæmic-looking harpsichord to the substantial, modern piano, which, if it has any self-respect (and a self-playing attachment), will, nowadays, even play its own notes. And when one actually heard the clavecin, it was apparent that as great an advance has taken place from the musical point of view. One felt for Louis XIV., who, if he desired music in the *salon*, was limited to the twanky utterances of this certainly elegant instrument.

The Evolution of the Piano

As those who are interested in the evolution of the piano will remember, the principal difference between the harpsichord and the familiar instrument of to-day is that in the first the strings are not struck by hammers, as in the piano, but are set in vibration by means of quills, which pluck them, and are connected by a system of levers to the keys. The tone of the harpsichord is necessarily thin and qualified by the scratching of the plectra, and, in order to increase the volume, it became customary for every note to have three strings—two tuned in unison and one an octave higher. Then, by employing two keyboards and a number of registers, like the stops of an organ, a variety of effects were rendered possible. It should be emphasized that no difference of expression could be made by striking the keys lightly or heavily. What was then known as the pianoforte was the next step. In this instrument the quills were replaced by hammers, and immediately it was found that one could play softly or loudly at will. The invention dates from 1709, and no radical change has taken place down to the present time, though numberless improvements have been effected. It is worthy of notice, in passing, that the Venetian swell, which forms part of every organ was first applied to the harpsichord in the endeavour to obtain expression.

Photo by] Madame Patti [*Langfier*

Who has just received from President Loubet the decoration of the Legion of Honour

Miss Landowska's Playing

Miss Landowska has mastered the difficulties of her chosen instruments, and performed on the harpsichord several quaint *voltes* of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which carried one back, in imagination, to mediæval times. She then played a chain of Schubert valses, illustrating the growth of the characteristic rhythm of the *volte* into what we know as the waltz; these sounded most effective on one of the old oblong-shaped pianofortes, whose tone was singularly quiet and delicate. Lastly, she gave, on a modern grand piano, a series of Chopin valses, compositions which may be regarded as the highest and most artistic realizations of this particular form. There was delicacy and *naïveté* about her playing which one often seeks in vain from those who regard Chopin's work as valuable only because they are technically difficult, and, therefore, offer considerable opportunities for display.

The Bach Choir

The recent performance of *Everyman*, by the Bach choir, under the direction of the composer, was in the nature of a triumph for the singers; there must be very few choirs who could sing—as they did—long and trying choruses, with many unpleasant intervals, quite unaccompanied, and yet absolutely true to pitch. J. S. Bach's cantata, *O Ewiges Feuer*, was given with equal success, the somewhat free use of the organ for the purposes of accompanying the soloist, being most welcome.

Madame Patti's Decoration

Madame Patti, ever a prime favourite in France as elsewhere, has received from President Loubet the ribbon of the Legion of Honour in recognition of her "active co-operation in charitable work in Paris." The readiness with which members of the musical and dramatic professions give their services in the cause of charity is proverbial, and the musical world, and, indeed, the public at large, will not be slow to recognise how well the Baroness Cederström has merited this honour.

H. F.

A Woman's Note Book

Concerning Holidays

Are holidays really a pleasure, or do we only feel thankful once more that they are over? This question we ask ourselves each year after Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide. It is very difficult to spend a short holiday enjoyably. If we go away, so much of the time is taken up in travelling, that the trouble outweighs the pleasure, and the supposed rest is more exhausting than ordinary every-day occupations; if we stay at home, we feel restless, depressed, out of place, with an exasperating sense of missing something, and a delusive idea that the "something" is a treat which our more fortunate neighbours are revelling in. Besides, there is nothing so unpleasant as a holiday—one of the Bank holiday holidays—spent in one's own home, be it where it may. London is atrocious, the seaside is worse; the country becomes disfigured by dusty cyclists and noisy motor-cars, and home, sweet home of old-fashioned and more peaceful days seems a fable of long ago. As a matter of fact, no one can deny that England is horrible in a holiday time—generally upset and uproarious without being in the least amusing—and it is on this account that many people take refuge from their own country, and cross the Channel whenever a few days hang heavily on their hands. But these hasty trips, wherein it is all trip, arrival, and departure, are miserable failures, and do not solve the difficulty in the least, usually leaving us with very little but a sense of unutterable weariness, and painful recollections of sea-sickness, and overpaid, discontented cabmen. Perhaps the best plan for those who wish to get away from the holiday-makers, without the trouble of going too far afield, is to seek refuge in the quiet country (the nearest they can find), for a holiday cannot be entirely ignored; however unpleasant it may be in itself, we do not like to feel that we are the only ones to miss it; it is not a question of going without, but of taking and enduring it with as much philosophical calm as we can summon to our aid.

Odd-looking Holiday-makers

One of the curious things about holidays spent in our own country, is that such strange people appear: people with odd manners, eccentric clothes, absurd fancies and ways; some of them common, some vulgar, some pedantic and extraordinary, others merely quaint, but they are all unknown folk, not to be met with, even in London, at any other time. The only people, obviously the gainers for their presence, are the confectioners, for these worthy tradesmen literally make fortunes out of our strange friends' propensity for consuming anything and everything in the eatable line, from elaborate luncheons to the stalest buns. Then they disappear again. Where *do* they go? Is it possible that such people rarely emerge into the light of day except to take a holiday; or is it more probable that their exalted idea of these festivals is such, that not only is their attire more gorgeous, but even their manners and ways must be altered in their anxiety to do full justice to their outing? Perhaps they are, after all, only ordinary, sober, hard-working people, rendered unrecognisable, though not necessarily more attractive, by their idea of enjoyment.

School "Treats"

The worst kind of holiday I know of, I think, is that dreadful one-day, philanthropic holiday. What a day it is. How these good, kind, but misguided ladies and school-teachers worry and fuss to make it a success, and return, accompanied by the little crowd for whom they have worked, in a state of fatigue, untidiness, and irritability. As for the little crowd: mothers, girls, school-children, choirs, cripples, or whatever they may be, do they really enjoy getting up with the daylight, taking a long, wearisome journey to the sea (it must be the sea), scrambling through a couple of hours' entertainment there, and hurrying home again? No, they do not enjoy it, but they think they do, and it comes to nearly the same thing. They sing all the way in the train as they go, and, because they are endowed with truly British fortitude, they sing all the way back, and if you ask Miranda or Louisa Jane whether she has enjoyed herself, she spins off a tale of piers, niggers, donkey rides, paddling, and steamers, with truly bewildering rapidity, looking back upon the accumulation of hurry and weariness through the rose-coloured spectacles by which we are wont to enhance the pleasures of the past and the prospects of the future; so, perhaps, it is all right in the end. One thing is certain, nevertheless—our holiday attempts are in themselves sad failures.

LADY PHYLLIS.

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

A Garage at the Cecil

Country motorists arriving in town with their cars are oftentimes at some trouble to find a suitable garage. Hardly any of the London hotels have considered the question, and I believe I am right in saying that the directors of the Hotel Cecil are the first to provide such accommodation for their motoring visitors. This new garage, entered from the Embankment, has accommodation for more than twenty cars. An ample supply of petrol is assured, for an iron tank, capable of holding three hundred gallons, has been fitted in the roadway outside. The management, wisely restricting its use to visitors actually stopping in the hotel, are setting an excellent example to others, by deciding to make no charge at all for the accommodation.

A Garage that Never Closes

Talking of motor-houses in London, may I call the attention of motorists to the well-equipped premises of the London Motor Garage Company in Wardour Street. Open day and night, Sundays included, the garage has never been closed for a single hour since the Company commenced business in April, 1903. During the busy season, as many as two hundred motors enter or leave within twenty four hours, and on a fine Sunday morning, in the summer, the cars form almost a procession, and the departures attract quite a little crowd of sightseers. The garage consists of five floors, a capacious electric lift, capable of carrying the largest motor yet built, giving access to the upper floors and basement. Spacious workshops with inspection pits are provided, while electric light and hot-water heating reduce the fire risk to a minimum.

When You're Stranded Wire the L.M.G.C.

Many of us, and I must confess I am among the number, cannot be bothered to carry a spare outer cover. It gets in the way, it needs to be packed in a case, and we feel sure we shall never want it. Tyres sometimes, however, do get damaged beyond repair, and from this garage, that never sleeps, tyres have been sold or despatched by train at all hours of the night. The manager showed me a good few letters which testified to his promptness in despatching goods. The other day, for instance, a telegram was received at twelve o'clock noon asking for two tyres to be forwarded immediately. They were despatched at once by motor-car to the railway terminus, and were received in the heart of Sussex by 2.40 the same afternoon. On another occasion a customer, as the result of a bad skid, smashed a back wheel at Worthing, on a Bank Holiday—this happened at three o'clock in the afternoon. The L.M.G.C. were telephoned, before six o'clock a new wheel had arrived, at nine o'clock the car was

Photo by *Topical Agency*

The motor garage which has just been opened at the Hotel Cecil

The new garage, entered from the Embankment, has accommodation for more than twenty cars. It is reserved for the use of visitors to the hotel, and no charge is made

Photo by *Park*

The Brighton road scouts

On the right is seen one of the brigade of cyclists, organised by Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, to patrol the Brighton road and give warning to motorists of the whereabouts of police traps. The motorist is warned by the waving of the flag shown

in running order again, and the owner resumed his journey. Those motorists who travel without spares should, at least, carry a wire form addressed to 33, Wardour Street.

A French Challenge

The success of the Siddeley car in the 5,000 miles reliability trials has resulted in M. Paul Meyan challenging any British-built touring car to a 5,000 kilomètre trial. In view of the fact that Mr. J. D. Siddeley has accepted the challenge, it is of interest to recall to memory the recent trials of the two-cylinder 12 h.-p. Siddeley, which did so well. Behaving faultlessly, the car covered 5,000 miles, and, for all practical purposes, every day's run was a non-stop. To be exact, there were three involuntary stops due to tyre troubles, once the car ran out of petrol, and once the pressure valve on the carburettor required adjustment. A fairer, better, more straightforward test than the one to which the makers, of their own free will, submitted the 12 h.-p. car, it would be hard to find, and I wish Mr. Siddeley luck with the Frenchman.

Questionable Accuracy

The police trap at Bolney, in which the Duke and Duchess of Fife were caught on April 1, is regarded by most of us as infallible, for the reason that it is operated electrically. But this timing apparatus has one great defect: it is started and stopped by hand, and its accuracy can by no means be guaranteed. It is curious, in this connection, to note that out of the thirteen motorists caught on the same day as the Duke five were declared by the police to be travelling at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and five at thirty-two miles an hour. As the apparatus is supposed to be able to measure to one-fifth of a second, such regularity in the returns is quite remarkable. The legality of this highly remunerative trap (it earned £300 in two days) requires testing in the Appeal Court. The law requires a witness, yet all these convictions were obtained on the evidence of one policeman, who presses a button when he thinks a car has crossed an imaginary line.

Valuable Cats

A valued correspondent sends me a sort of breakfast-table problem concerning a cat. A gentleman, recently deceased, kept four pet cats. Much attached to these animals, he made provision for them in his will, and arranged for them to be handed over to a lady living at Bath, instructing his trustees to pay her fifty pounds a year for her trouble. Some of my readers will remember that, a few weeks ago, the matter came before the Courts. The Judge (disregarding the possible addition of kittens) decided that the lady was only to receive the £50 per annum so long as at least one of the cats was alive. Now, the question is this: If a motorist passing through Bath was careless enough to run over and kill one of these cats, how much would he have to pay to the lady as compensation: (1) If the lady had other cats still living; (2) If it was actually the last survivor. Will some learned lawyer among my readers answer it?

Alfred C. Hunter.

BRIDGE: Our New Competition

FIRST QUARTERLY BRIDGE COMPETITION,
with a Weekly Competition running concurrently.

Prizes:

WEEKLY Competition—First Prize each week: Two Guineas.

SECOND and THIRD PRIZES: A "BYSTANDER" Bridge Case—value £1 1s. each.

QUARTERLY COMPETITION PRIZE

£10 10 0 in Cash to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of marks in the Thirteen Weekly Competitions.

PRIZEWINNERS

THIRD WEEK—PROBLEMS VII.-IX.

1st PRIZE, Two Guineas, is awarded to:

Miss Watson Wemyss, Westbourne House, Broughty Ferry, Scotland.

2nd PRIZE, a BYSTANDER Bridge Case, is awarded to:

George Boswell, Esq., 12, Haldon Road, Exeter.

3rd PRIZE, a BYSTANDER Bridge Case, is awarded to:

Mrs. A. F. Jennings, Phantom House, Newmarket.

QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The following are the marks gained by competitors for solving the third week's problems in our Quarterly Competition:

15, Garrison; 14, Nemo, Fantôme; 13, Alexander, Defiance, Heather, Joker, Kirkland II., L. S. D., Noxious, Pelican, Simplex, Star, Toil, Yarborough, Zif I., Z f II.; 12, Bridge of Sighs, Cortex, Fen, Hockey, Miles, Ina II., Mugwump, P.M.S., Oltonia, Peter, Puffin Boy, Raniput, Viking, Not 'Arf, Wreck; 11, Ap Twm, Cathedral, Electricity, Eblow, Inkpot, Kirkland I., Lucia, Melai, Gannidin, Simplicity, Tic-tac, Watadam, White Cat, Tylhus; 10, Awapuni, Crocks, Inga, Mate, Pons, Pupil, Scarlet Pimpernel, Sauchieleigh, Trinket; 9, Dogger, Ina I., Blockhead, Lance Fieldoak, Nip, Sunny Jim, Slam, Tyne, Wheel; 8, Badger, Strategy, Swansfield Three Feathers, Willimoteswick, Wick; 7, Bijou, Bulbs, Common, Falesp, Luppy, Laleham, Tack, Wicket; 6, Bay, Ernst, Hermathena, Moth, Special Scotch; 5, Bis dat qui cito dat, Brown Cat, Darkie, C.A.M., Mucross, Stud List, Chlorodyne, Mammon, Waverley; 4, Cumtux, Mogul, Natalie.

M. E. Y.—We have allotted you the *nom de guerre*					"Trinket"
W. B. O.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Tyne"
J. C.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Toil"
F. C. D.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Wreck"
W. D.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Wicket"
M. J.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Heather"
B. M.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Mate"
J. H. B.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Cathedral"
E. F.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Wick"
F. G. W.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Tack"
M. E. B.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Star"
A. H. M.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Wheel"

For the future, competitors omitting their *nom de guerre* will lose a mark

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A. S. We give our own, which is th kind of thing we want.—Simplex. Your marks for last competition were 13.—A. M. J. No, you are not debarred.—Slam. Answers should be arranged i sets of three.—G. B. Yes.

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS VII., VIII., and IX.

Although able to publish the prizewinners of the abov problems, the solutions are unavoidably held over unti next week.

Fifth Weekly Competition

What You Have to Do

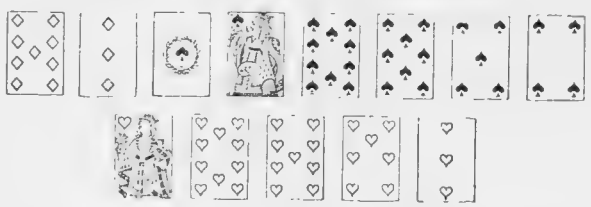
1. Herewith, three problems are set. You have to answer them. Thus, with Problem XIII., if you think the right answer is "No Trumps," take half a sheet of notepaper and write the words "No Trumps." After that, you say in as few words as possible, your reason for the declaration.

2. Having answered the three problems — with the reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and address clearly.

WHAT DO YOU DECLARE AS DEALER?

PROBLEM XIII.

SCORE: Dealer, 16; Adversaries, 22.

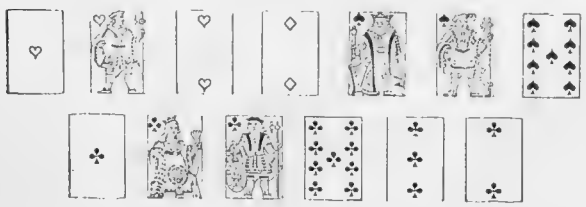


DEALER'S DECLARATION: **(1) What do you declare? and (2) why?**

3. Give your solutions of the fifth week's problems s here, as already explained then, for a coupon, cut o the two lines on the bac cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and stick this token on the top of your solutions. Th solutions of the competition given herewith must reach th office not later than the firs post on Monday, May 1, addressed to "The Bridge Editor," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., and marked at top of left side o envelope, "Competition."

PROBLEM XIV.

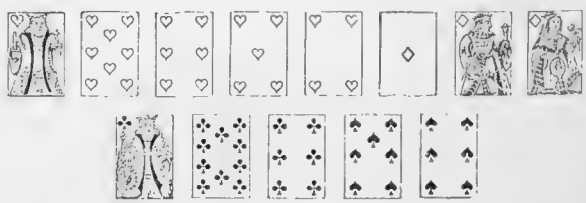
SCORE: Dealer, 16; Adversaries, Love.



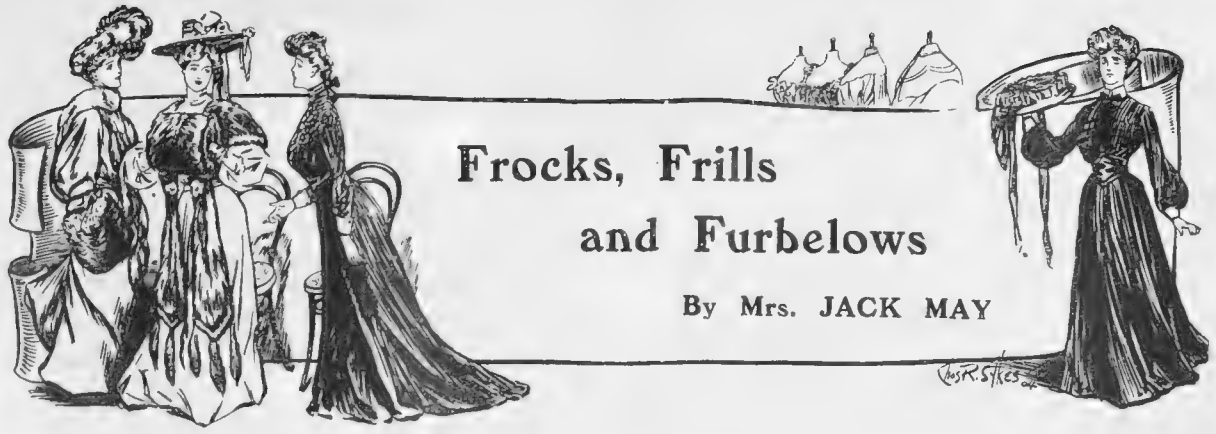
DEALER'S DECLARATION: **(1) What do you declare? and (2) why?**

PROBLEM XV.

SCORE: 12-all.



DEALER'S DECLARATION: **(1) What do you declare? and (2) why?**



Frocks, Frills and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The Simple Tailor-made Gown

In company with my kind, I am about to leave the metropolis to pursue its own peculiar Easter festivities. No matter, however, my destination, for where I go there go also the exigencies of *La Mode*; in truth, the most exacting mistress to those who undertake the conscientious chronicling of her doings. For the immediate moment our chief concern has to do with the strictly tailor-made gown, the simple smart affair that shall pass the ordeal of representative house-party without criticism.

Never shall I forget the spectacle of the wife of one of our *nouveau riche* magnates, who appeared at a smart shoot in the most correct of fleeze suit, surmounted by a trench *Capote*. She was a very short, rotund lady, with a persistent smile, and happily, on the occasion in question, she was too feverishly anxious, to assume the right sporting attitude, to observe the irrepressible astonishment depicted on all our countenances, at her amazing appearance.

The latest coiffure

The Sportswoman's Hat

And apropos of headgear, I think we are becoming just a little weary of the Service cap. For certain pursuits and occasions, there is no gainsaying its superior claims, but, as I have before pointed out, it is by no means ideal for motoring, and I am told, by an experienced golfer—this craze has not yet arrived with me—that one of the soft tweed hats, with a pliable brim, is infinitely more comfortable wear than the necessarily heavily padded cap. A brim, no matter how incidental, is always kind, and I am, therefore, greatly persuaded as to the increased favour likely to be bestowed on these hats, which, it should be added, are usually finished with a decorative natural feather mount.

There is nothing more quickly declares the inherent smartness of a woman than the effective wearing of one of these hard little hats, which, on a *bourgeois* head, would simply express mediocrity; while we have it, on the irreproachable authority of Henry Heath, that, for summer wear, panamas with very wide brims will be the rage, draped with a gauze veil practically arranged so that it can be worn over the face or no, as occasion requires. These sound attractive, do they not? At least, for river and ordinary country wear, but I "hae me doots" as to their proving a complete joy on a motor-car. And motor-cars, after all, are the things that *really* matter.

Kit-Cat Coats and Knitted Norfolks

The prevalence of such homely creations among the *élite* is scarcely dreamed of in the philosophy of the average woman, who has not got further than the machine-made bolero. And there is a very world of difference between that and these hand-made goods. The Kit-Cat coat is a speciality of

A lovely linen frock

(An original design by K. Pleydell Youn·)

Madame Goldschmidt, Crómwell Road, and shapes to the figure in the most delightful fashion. She has several varieties, and a fund of information to impart, moreover, respecting the accompanying skirt.

By the golfing fraternity, the knitted or crochet coat is endowed with unqualified praise—they declare it ideal; and certainly the fair exponents, that have chanced to cross my line of vision, have never failed

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to exploit it with quite irresistible charm. Almost, they persuaded me that to be rural and so clad would bring the epitome of satisfaction.

Only the well-bred Englishwoman, I pause to reflect, is really capable of carrying off, with the requisite *éclat*, the eminently simple country garb. Even the American, with her greater adaptability and keen assimilative powers, scarcely arrives here. There is no question but that an Englishwoman, in well-thought-out country clothes, has no peer the whole world over.

More by accident than intention, a clever creator of children's clothes, Madame Elizabeth by name, of 1, Hertford Street, has produced a Scotch sun-bonnet that has been promptly annexed by certain pretty Society women; of course, only for garden and country wear. It is the very sweetest thing, the brim drawn up on fine canes, verily Crockett's own sun-bonnet, when fashioned of lilac cambric or silk lawn. Children look adorable in it; indeed, they initially inspired the notion, and for once, we must really pardon the rival claims put in by the pretty mother. The fates only grant though, this sun-bonnet may not share the lot of the frilled muslin hat, and fall into the clutches of the would-be *ingénue* of forty years.

The Aspect of the New Coiffure

Our artist has pictured the latest vogue, which has been seen so little on this side of the Channel as to be scarcely recognisable as a fashion. Nevertheless, it is an accepted one, and the sooner we acknowledge its presence the better for the success of the approved small *chapeau*. These piquant affairs, just poised on the summit of this midway dressing, immediately gain an added charm, altogether lacking with the sharp, unbroken line of a wholly high coiffure.

For evening dress, in lieu of the set loops and *poufs*, the daintiest little curls are introduced, while the *ondulés* are large and very natural in effect. Because of its immense adaptability, this is an almost universally becoming coiffure, the adjustment of the hair beneath and at the sides being entirely dependent on the taste or contour of the wearer.

A Determined Rival

Prepared to fight even the realms of silk itself are the lovely linens of the hour, many of us already contemplating the potentialities of a linen Ascot frock.

And, really, could anything be prettier for the event than the original design pictured by our artist? A confection of white Harris linen, hand-embroidered *a jour* with corresponding *motifs* for the corsage, which is modishly draped either side a vest of spotted mousseline de soie, and completed by a folded belt of *ombré* rose silk, a colour note that would be repeated on the *chapeau* of white crin.

The Menu

Some Inexpensive Luncheon Dishes

BEETROOT CREAM

A delicious and inexpensive soup can be made with the help of a cooked beetroot, if treated as follows: Take one quart of good brown stock, 1 oz. of butter, 1 oz. of flour, one large cooked beetroot, half a stick of celery, half-gill of cream, salt, and pepper. Melt the butter in a stewpan, stir in the flour, and cook it without browning over the fire for a few minutes. Add the stock, or use milk and water, if you have no stock. Stir this over the fire until it boils. Peel the beetroot, and cut it into shreds; wash, trim, and shred the celery, and add both to the stock. Boil the soup with the lid on for about half an hour, not more, or the colour will be spoilt. Strain the soup through a sieve, and rub enough of the beetroot through to give it a nice colour and consistency. Season carefully, add the cream, heat it up thoroughly without letting it boil again. Serve the soup in a hot tureen.

WHITINGS AUX FINES HERBES

Butter the bottom and sides of a casserole dish, put into it some whitings, with a sufficient quantity—according to the number of the fish—of chopped parsley, thyme, tarragon, and shallot, very finely chopped; moisten them with a small quantity of white wine, and put them into the oven. When the whitings are about half cooked turn them, and when they are quite done thicken the sauce with a little butter and flour, adding pepper and salt to taste. Serve them in the casserole dish, only adding a squeeze of lemon-juice.

WHITE CURRY

A white curry made from the remains of a boiled fowl is a very good dish, and is treated as follows:—Melt one tablespoonful of butter without browning, add a tablespoonful of flour, and stir until quite smooth; add half a pint of milk, and stir the sauce until it thickens. Squeeze into it the juice of half a lemon, and add curry powder, pepper, and salt to taste. Stir into this sauce the pieces of chicken, and simmer for a quarter of an hour on the side of the stove. Have ready some well-boiled rice, scatter a little chopped parsley over, and form a border of it on to a hot dish, and pour the curry into the centre. Two hard-boiled eggs, cut into quarters, form a pretty garnish to the curry.

BAKED EGGS

Spread a thick layer of fresh butter on a fireproof china dish, sprinkle with salt, and break the eggs carefully on to it, one at a time; pour some cream over them, season with salt, pepper, and one grate of nutmeg; place a few small lumps of butter over all, bake in the oven, and brown with a salamander.

LEMON SPONGE

Soak 1 oz. of gelatine in one pint of water for twenty minutes; add the rind and juice of two lemons and ½ lb. of castor sugar. Simmer gently for half an hour. Strain into a large bowl, and put it into a cool place. When the mixture is nearly cold, stir in the whites of two eggs beaten to a firm froth. Whisk briskly for fifteen minutes, pour into a wetted mould, and turn out before serving.

CHEESE BALLS

The whites of two eggs, 2 oz. of grated cheese, salt, and cayenne. Beat the eggs to a stiff froth, stir in the cheese, salt, and cayenne pepper. Shape the mixture into balls, the size of marbles, and drop them into boiling lard. Fry them for about five minutes till a golden brown, drain well, and serve with grated cheese.

EMILIA.

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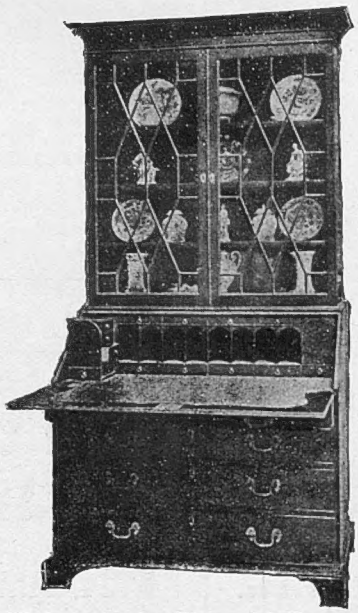
The Connoisseur

Mr. Hayden's "Chats"

Perhaps the best advice to those about to become collectors would be to give the whole subject a wide berth, and be happy in watching the failures of others in their pursuit of the beautiful and the antique. But the man with collector's blood in his veins is not to be denied, and, therefore, failing his inclination to accept the old advice of "don't," the next best thing is to fully arm himself against the sea of troubles he will encounter. As buckler and shield, Mr. Hayden's compact books on "China" and "Furniture" (Fisher Unwin: 5*s.* each), will, doubtless, serve. The author's object, in each, is to place his knowledge at the disposal of his readers, to teach them without tears, and lead them by primrose paths towards the grace of connoisseurship, and the pleasant possession of some beautiful things.



Much-sought-after Chippendale Bureau and Bookcase
(*From "Chats on Old Furniture"*)

In the book on "English China," his attitude to the reader is somewhat patronising, and although the information he imparts is of the soundest, the manner is not pleasing. On the other hand, the photographs of actual pieces, with carefully compiled details in regard to all the well-known productions of British china and earthenware, are excellently selected with a view to an easy acquisition of knowledge.

Old Transfer-printed Worcester Mug, with portrait of the King of Prussia
(*From "Chats on Old English China"*)

His accounts of Derby and Chelsea, Bow, Worcester, Plymouth, Bristol, Coalport, Swansea, Nantgarw, and Minton, are clear and useful, if not very new. But in regard to the mysteries of the Lowestoft factory, he appears to think the public extremely ignorant, and himself in the possession of exclusive information. There may be some foundation for these beliefs, and if so, he has done good work in dispelling the illusions implied in the former one. Although Mr. Hayden calls his book "Chats on Old English China," we are glad to see he includes many of the earthenwares which are certainly accepted by the collector-in-the-making as china. Of these, he shows interesting examples of Wedgwood, Staffordshire, Sunderland Lustre, Mason, and Liverpool wares.

Old Lac Cabinet (English) Early 18th Century
(*From "Chats on Old Furniture"*)

Mr. Hayden's later book, on "Old English Furniture," is in every way a far more interesting work, and one, we should think, written *con amore*. Its style is direct and his matter compact of information. Among the vast variety of books recently published on the subject this is the most convenient for rapid reference. Every page is freighted with sound information, and every illustration, although usually of well-known pieces or from blocks already produced, is sure to be of service to that vast army of amateurs that travels the land in search of examples of antique work. The chapters deal with the Renascence period in Europe, and so on, from Elizabethan times through the various styles, Stuart, late seventeenth century, Queen Anne (for Mr. Hayden recognises a style of that time), with chapters on the great French periods and so on to Chippendale, Sheraton, and the the rest of our own fine cabinet-makers. There are some interesting chapters also on French productions, and their influence on English craftsmen. This work is preceded by an admirable bibliography, and closes with hints to collectors which cannot be neglected without disadvantage to even the most cunning connoisseur.

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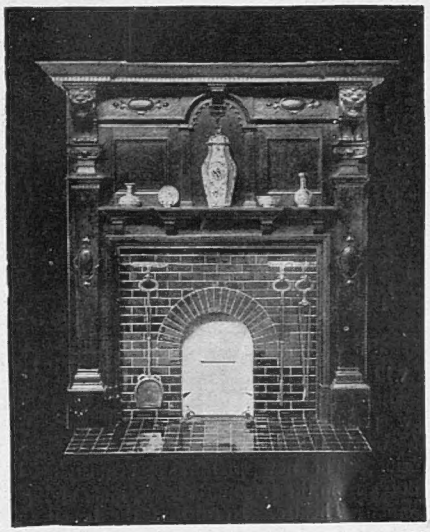

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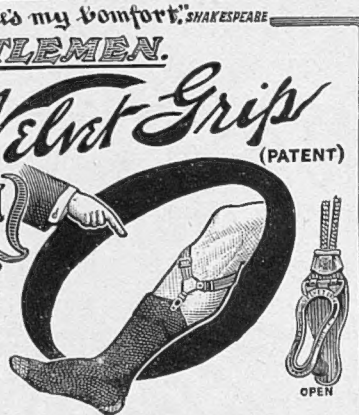

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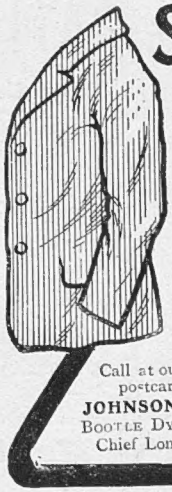

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon

Playgoers who are fortunate enough to find time to run up to Stratford-on-Avon for Mr. F. R. Benson's Shakespearean Festival will find the following table of the different productions of use:

First Week

April	24	The Merchant of Venice
,,	25	The Comedy of Errors
,,	26 (Afternoon)	Much Ado About Nothing
,,	26 (Evening)	The Merry Wives of Windsor
,,	27	Romeo and Juliet
,,	28	Edward the Second (Marlowe)
,,	29 (Afternoon)	The Comedy of Errors
,,	29 (Evening)	Much Ado About Nothing

Second Week

May	1	Richard the Second
,,	2	Henry the Fourth (*Part I.*)
,,	3	Henry the Fourth (*Part II.*)
,,	4	Henry the Fifth
,,	5	Twelfth Night
,,	6 (Afternoon)	As You Like It
,,	6 (Evening)	Hamlet

Third Week

May	8	Edward the Second (Marlowe)
,,	9	The Comedy of Errors
,,	10 (Afternoon)	Macbeth
,,	10 (Evening)	Twelfth Night
,,	11	Othello
,,	12	Henry the Fourth (*Part I.*)
,,	13 (Afternoon)	Romeo and Juliet
,,	13 (Evening)	The Taming of the Shrew

Afternoon Performances only on Wednesdays, April 26 and May 10, and Saturdays, April 29, May 6 and 13.

Evening at 7.30. Doors open at 7. Matinée at 2.30. Doors open at 2.

Charles Lancaster's New Premises

Our readers will be interested in the accompanying illustration of Charles Lancaster's new premises, which have been taken to meet the demands of business expansion. The new premises are only a few doors from the Haymarket, opposite the Comedy Theatre. Needless to say, the famous gunmaker will be pleased to receive a visit from any of our readers, to whom every facility for inspecting the premises will be given. The illustration gives sufficient idea of the spaciousness of the front shop. In the basement, the cartridge-filling rooms have been well designed to meet the exigencies of that trade; also, there are special facilities and conveniences for the storing of customers' guns. From the front shop, the first floor is reached, where we find an excellent workshop, and Mr. Lancaster's private sanctum, where many interesting pictures, weapons, and books are to be found, among which are various finished patterns of the "Ross" Straight Pull Magazine Rifle. On the second floor,

CHARLES LANCASTER'S NEW PREMISES, 11, PANTON STREET, HAYMARKET, S.W.

there is the foreman's office and large workshop, and the third floor occupies the whole area of the building, and is used for barrel-firing, boring, and finishing process branch of the trade, which it is so essential should be under the maker's own and immediate supervision.

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Opening of Letchworth (Garden City) Station

On April 15 the Great Northern Railway Company opened a new station at Letchworth, for the convenience of residents and of visitors to the Garden City. Letchworth is situated in the centre of some three thousand eight hundred acres, acquired by the First Garden City, Ltd. It is on the Hitchin and Cambridge Branch of the Great Northern Railway, being two and a half miles from Hitchin, and thirty-four and a half from King's Cross. Special season tickets, available for one, three, six, or twelve months, will be issued between King's Cross and Letchworth. The Garden City, Ltd., have taken every care in the selection of a spot suitable for their undertaking, having scoured the map for a well-placed base. In their search we think they have been eminently successful, and intending residents will find every convenience. For the business man, a quick service to London is provided, and in the near future, when the Garden City is further developed, this service will be augmented. For the man of leisure, the name itself—The Garden City, an excellent and appropriate name—should be sufficient.

"Brother Officers" at the Garrick

On Tuesday afternoon, May 9, Mr. Arthur Bourchier will give a special performance at the Garrick Theatre in aid of the Newport Market Training School, which was founded by the late Lord Salisbury and the late Mr. Gladstone. As appropriate to this occasion, a new version of Mr. Leo Trevor's military comedy, *Brother Officers*, will be produced. It will be remembered that this charming play was produced at the Garrick Theatre in October, 1898, and enjoyed a successful run there, in the provinces, and in America, where Mr. Charles Frohman found it a veritable trump card. On the present occasion, Miss Violet Vanbrugh will resume her original part of "Lady Roydon," and Mr. Sydney Valentine, Mr. O. B. Clarence, Miss Lena Halliday, and Miss June Van Buskirk, will be included in the new cast. Mr. Bourchier will play his original part, "John Hinds, V.C."

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